

21ST. YEAR NO. 113.

EAST LIVERPOOL, O., THURSDAY, MAY 12, 1904.

TWO CENTS.

FUTILE ATTEMPT MADE TO BRING INSURGENTS OVER

Excitement at Canton Convention Prevented By
South County Delegates' Late
Arrival.

M'DONALD MEN RESOLVED TO STAND FIRM

The Republicans of the Eighteenth congressional district were not aware until yesterday that the party leaders in Columbiana county had a difference, but when the fact was noised about at the convention it soon became the absorbing question. The real business of the convention was lost sight of when it became known that southern Columbiana county would oppose anything suggested by the party men from the upper end.

Judge James A. Martin, county chairman, was besieged on every side to take some step that would result in restoring harmony, but he was powerless.

County Chairman J. A. Martin and several of the south county leaders had arguments during the day, and a great deal of significance is attached to the outcome of the discussion. The report had gained general circulation in this community that Liverpool, Wellsville and several adjoining townships would have no representation upon the county executive committee.

Judge Martin, who has the power to appoint such a committee, had been quoted as saying he did not propose to fill out the committee until he was certain of his men. Delegates from Wellsville took it upon themselves to verify the report, and obtain a statement direct from the county chairman. The interview took place in the lobby of the McKinley, and in answer to the query as to whether Wellsville would be represented on the executive committee, Judge Martin said:

"If I find a member of the Wellsville central committee who is willing to support the party ticket and work for it, he will be given a place on the executive committee. I cannot conscientiously name anyone who is working directly in opposition to the plans and purposes for which the executive committee is created. I understand that men from the southern end of the county are engaged in a canvass of the two towns to secure names of men who will agree to bolt the ticket. None of these will be appointed on the executive committee."

The regulars from Salem, Lisbon and other points at the north claimed to have delayed the convening of the caucus in order that Wellsville and East Liverpool might be permitted to have a voice in the selection of those who would represent the county in the convention. When two hours had elapsed they proceeded with the officers and committee members.

The north county men spent the entire day in an attempt to persuade the insurgents to fall in line, but their

HARKER HOME BADLY DAMAGED

FIRE CAUSES A LOSS OF PERHAPS \$3,000.

The Blaze Proved Exceedingly Difficult to Combat—Insurance Covers Damage.

Fire at the residence of W. W. Har- ker, College and East Third street, broke out in the upper story about 5 o'clock last evening and was not subdued until nearly an hour later. Much damage was done to the building and contents, the blaze being a stubborn one to fight and the firemen not succeeding in getting at it until after considerable delay.

The loss may reach \$3,000. The building and its contents were insured in the agency of Geo. H. Owen & Co. for about \$6,000. The flames broke through the roof at the top of the building in several places. In order to get a stream upon the blaze the firemen were compelled to cut holes in the slate roof. Much of the contents of the house was removed. All that was not taken out was badly damaged by water. At one time it looked as if the whole house would be destroyed.

It is not known how the fire originated. It is said that painters who were at work burning the old paint away may have started it.

ONE OF THE OLDEST GUARDS

Appointed to Serve Another Two-Year Term at the Ohio Penitentiary.

Columbus, May 12.—(Special)—S. R. Bishop, of Columbiana county, who has been reappointed guard at the penitentiary, is one of the oldest guards in the institution, having served six two-year terms. He has had charge of the dining room and performs his work acceptably. He was reappointed upon recommendation of Warden Her- shay.

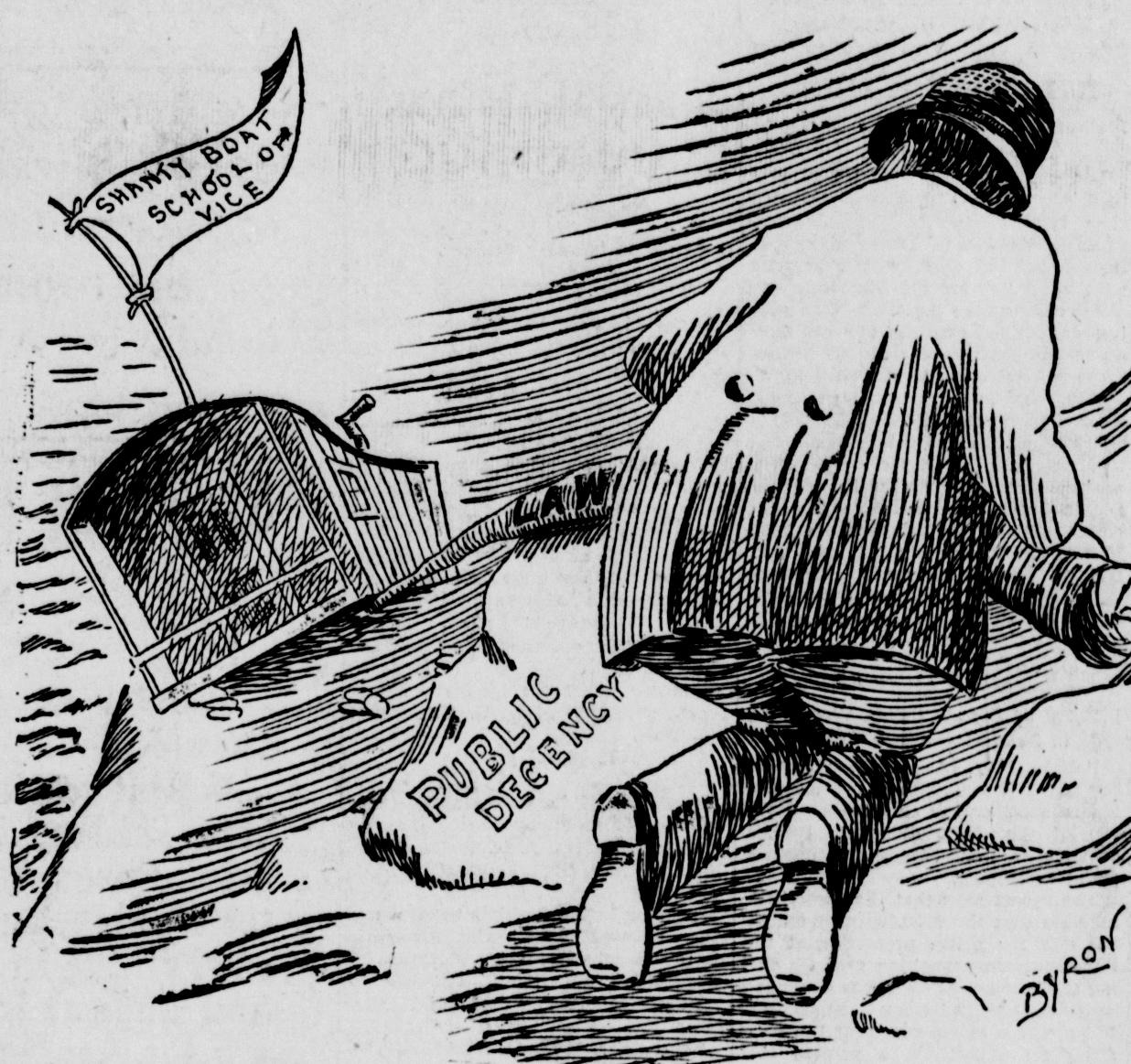
Fred Conser, of Hanoverton, who was appointed penitentiary guard from Columbiana county two years ago, to succeed Sheridin J. Temple, of that town, resigned, was not ap- pointed. It was decided to reduce the force, and Conser was among those dropped.

Irondale Man Appointed.

Richard Williams, of Irondale, has been appointed penitentiary guard from Jefferson county. He will report for duty next Monday. His assignment has not yet been determined. The penitentiary guards are appointed in compliance with the recommendations of the representatives of the counties.

Case Settled.

Hennel O'Brien, charged with threatening the life of Theodore Hetzel, has effected a settlement of the case and it will not be tried before Mayor Weaver.



A MENACE WHICH OUGHT TO BE REMOVED.

HERDED LIKE HOGS IN A LUMBER YARD

Officer Morris Arrests Three Persons Sleeping Out of Doors.

WOMAN'S STRANGE STORY

Officer Morris made a raid on Broska's lumber yard at the rear of Second street this morning at about 2 o'clock and corralled three persons, Mrs. Harriet Bowles, Frank McCune and Frank Sharp. The latter was dismissed by the mayor, but the others were fined \$5 and costs for being drunk and are being held on a more serious charge.

The attention of the officer was directed to the Broska property by snoring, so loud that he thought perhaps one of the wild hogs carried by Ringling Bros. had fallen off at the passenger depot when the circus passed through the city and got lost in the complicated avenues of Shady Row. To his great surprise he discovered the trio of people and placed them under arrest. Mrs. Bowles and McCune were sleeping side by side. Sharp claims that he has been given the privilege of sleeping there.

Mrs. Bowles was a fright when she appeared for a hearing. She is minus about seven teeth and having been on a week's jag was not in the pink of condition. She said that her home is in Smith's Ferry and that her husband left her about two years ago. They had four children, all of whom are in a children's home. She swore that she loved McCune, who is a blacksmith and a piano player, known by nearly everyone in the city. To the mayor she pleaded guilty to being drunk and prayed that she be sentenced to the workhouse. She is a whisky drinker and cigarette fiend. At the workhouse she believes she can lose the appetite.

McCune professed that he loved the woman and that he intended to marry her. His wife died four years ago. His intended has not secured a divorce from her husband, but she says that it is not necessary. She told the mayor that it would be an easy thing to get spliced without going to the expense of procuring a legal separation. Her argument was based on facts, so she said. She has three brothers, she says, who married women who had not been divorced and her father married three women under similar circumstances. The mayor fined her and McCune \$5 each and will investigate further.

Pottery Suit Dismissed.

Lisbon, May 12.—(Special)—The damage case of William A. Calhoun, of East Liverpool, vs. the West End Pottery company et al., has been dismissed at the plaintiff's cost for want of prosecution. The suit was filed January 23, 1901. The case of David Hanley vs. Thomas Whalen et al. has been dismissed on motion of plaintiff at his cost.

First in news—the Review.

VALUABLE PROPERTY HAS BEEN BLOWN UP

RUSSIANS DESTROY DOCKS AND PIERS WORTH \$6,000,000.

The Czar Reported Very Anxious to Go to the Front With His Army.

St. Petersburg, May 12.—(Special)—Viceroy Alexieff telegraphs that the Russians have blown up the docks and piers at Port Dalny to prevent their falling into the hands of the Japanese. They were built by a decree of the czar in 1894 at a cost of over \$6,000,000.

The czar is going to Kharkoff on May 25 to bid farewell to the Tenth army corps, which leaves on that date for the front. The czar is reported very anxious to go to the front, as his ancestors have done in time of war.

Tokio, May 12.—(Special)—The report of Admiral Alexieff that the railroad communications with Port Arthur have been restored is officially declared untrue.

ASKS \$1,000 DAMAGES FOR HIS INJURIES

James F. Crumley Hurt in a Salineville Mine, Sues Company for Damages.

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He was ordered to go ahead, he says, with the assurance that they were entirely safe.

While engaged in the work, however, part of the roof of one of the rooms crashed down upon him, breaking his collar bone and badly spraining and bruising his right shoulder, hips and legs, so that he suffered severely and was unable to resume work until about the middle of the following September.

He alleges that the defendant partnership was well aware of the dangerous conditions that obtained in the part of the mine in which he was injured and he thinks that in view of his suffering, expense and loss of time, he should be remunerated.

SURGICAL OPERATION

Upon the Throat of Secretary Taft to Relieve a Swelling.

Washington, May 12.—(Special)—An operation was made on Secretary Taft today to remove a swelling in his throat caused by tonsillitis.

He is expected to recover speedily.

Called to Sebring.

President Thomas J. Duffy, of the N. B. of O. P. left this morning for Sebring. He has been called upon to settle a minor dispute about the dippers who are working day wage,

as it was originally given.

It was found that the note had not been raised, as the defendant claimed, from \$54 to \$1,054 by J. C. Lewis, to whom it was originally given.

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Attempted Suicide.

Sebring, May 12.—(Special)—Mrs. Carrie Straddling, 40 years of age, attempted suicide by swallowing a quantity of laudanum. Her condition was soon discovered, and physicians

a stomach pump and antidotes brought her safely through. Mrs. Straddling

is in poor circumstances.

Phoenix, Arizona.

STARTLING CHARGES MADE AGAINST MISSING COUPLE

Former East End Residents Are Accused of
Robbery, Forgery and
Murder.

MAY EXPLAIN RECENT INFANTICIDE CASE

One of the most sensational stories that has come to the surface in many a day has been going the rounds in East End since the early part of last week. It pertains to a man and woman who own property in that end of the city, but the whereabouts of whom are not known at present. They are alleged to be guilty of murdering an infant, and it is thought not unlikely that the unidentified babe found in the river a few days ago was their victim.

The story gained circulation through neighbors. According to them the parties implicated are well known, but their reputation is cloudy. In substance the tale related is as follows: The wife was arrested more than two months ago in a Pennsylvania town on a charge of robbery and forgery. She was placed in jail, but adopted a clever ruse by which her liberty was gained. She told the jailer and other officials that she was to become a mother in two months and pleaded so strongly with them that they consented to allow her to go home for the time being. Her story was concocted simply for the purpose of getting out of jail and she knew she must carry out the game at all hazards or again be locked up.

Resorting to desperate means the

B. F. HARKER TO BE THE NEW MANAGER

Resigns From Laughlin Company to Take Charge of Taylor, Smith & Taylor Plant.

Benjamin F. Harker, who has been connected with the Homer Laughlin China company for a number of years, has tendered his resignation to that concern, effective June 1, when he will become permanently identified with the Taylor, Smith & Taylor pottery. Mr. Harker has purchased stock from C. A. Smith, W. L. Smith and J. N. Taylor and will be general manager of the plant.

W. L. Taylor will remain proprietor of the plant and Homer J. Taylor will retain his present position. It is the object of the Taylor, Smith & Taylor company to increase its business and to do so it will employ the best men in the country. The company wants brains and skill and will get both at any cost.

INTERFERENCE WITH OFFICER TODD

Case of William Johnston Heard By the Mayor, Who Reserved His Decision.

The first hearing in the case of Officer Todd against the three men, who he alleges, interfered with him on last Saturday afternoon while he was arresting Eliza Moore, took place yesterday afternoon in the council chamber before Mayor Weaver. The defendant was William Johnston. He was represented by Attorney W. B. Hill. The mayor has not given his decision in the case, but will likely keep the defendant over to court.

The testimony was conclusive that Todd had been interfered with, but there was little to prove that Johnston had participated. He acknowledged offering Todd \$10 or \$100 if necessary for Moore's release. He claimed that Todd refused the money.

POCKET PICKING

The Charge on Which an East Liverpool Resident Was Arrested in Toronto.

Jake Neary, who, it is thought, picked a woman's pocket in this city a few weeks ago, and who is well known here by the police, was arrested in Toronto yesterday afternoon on a charge of pocket picking.

Officer Dawson posted the Toronto police and they only needed to watch him a short time to discover him at work.

Salem Men Interested.

Columbus, May 12.—(Special)—The Eastern Ohio Oil and Gas company, organized under the laws of Arizona, with \$100,000 capital stock, has qualified under the laws of Ohio, with Salem as headquarters for this state.

A. W. Taylor, E. Taylor and E. E. Hanna are the officers. The company proposes to operate in and about Phoenix, Arizona.

woman at the expiration of two months went to a children's home, secured a baby and going home heralded the false report of having given birth to a baby girl. The officers of the town immediately sent her word that she would be taken into custody again as soon as she recovered from her sickness. Fearing that they would make their word good, she decided to get rid of the adopted child and leave this part of the country. It is said that she strangled the baby to death, cast it into the river and then, together with her husband, left for parts unknown.

The act of the woman, it is alleged, was committed one day last week and she left the East End on last Friday. This is taken as a possible clue to the murder of the child found near the power house.

The couple still have their property, and if they made any effort to dispose of it no one is aware of the fact.

Detective McGovern, of Pittsburg, who gained universal notoriety by the fight with the Biddle brothers, and another renowned detective, were in the city all day yesterday, and it is thought that they might have been working on the case. They spent some time in a local restaurant and made a number of inquiries, but nothing could be gained from them.

A LARGE VERDICT AGAINST A RAILROAD

Mrs. HENRY HETZEL RECOVERS \$6,500 DAMAGES.

Injured in a Wreck Near Connellsville in 1903, She Has Been Ill Ever Since.

The damage suit brought by Mrs. Henry Hetzel in the courts of Allegheny county against the Pennsylvania railroad company, was settled out of court yesterday at Pittsburg by Mr. Hetzel and Attorney George E. Davidson. Mrs. Hetzel will receive \$6,500, and the court costs will be borne by the railway company.

Mrs. Hetzel was injured in a wreck on the company's lines between Pittsburg and Connellsville in January, 1903. She has never recovered from the shock and was permanently injured in the smashup. The lady has been in a sanitarium nearly all of the time since the accident, and arrived in the city this week for a temporary stay here.

ANNUAL INSPECTION OF C. & P. ROAD

Officials Making a Tour of the Railway Main Line and Its Branches.

The annual inspection of all the divisions of the Cleveland & Pittsburgh road is now being made by the officials of the road. A special inspection car yesterday went over the division from New Philadelphia to Cleveland, and today from Rochester to Wellsville. Tomorrow the road from Wellsville to Powhatan will be gone over, after which all other divisions will be inspected.

The inspection party is composed of Supt. T. B. Hamilton and assistants, Trainmaster A. J. Dawson and assistants, George LeBoutillier, engineer of maintenance of way, and assistants, with all supervisors, Joseph G. Moore, division operator, and Samuel D. Norton, road foreman of engines.

Lucheon was taken by the party at Wellsville, and they will remain there over night, leaving for Bellaire in the morning.

The party stopped at the East Liverpool passenger station for an hour this afternoon and made a close inspection of the conditions in that vicinity. It is thought the officials were considering the enlargement of the depot.

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It was unfortunate that the delegates living in the townships bordering on the main line of the C. & P. railroad did not reach Canton in time to participate in the Columbiana county caucus or the organization would have been differently constructed.

As soon as the delegation from this section arrived at the convention city party men from the other two counties took up the discussion, and at the convention hall and in the hotel lobbies every point was whipped out to the satisfaction of the most enthusiastic insurgent. A large number of the delegates from this county failed to attend the afternoon session of the convention because they wanted to argue the point with each other. It was the first opportunity that the two factions had to air their differences since the county convention at which East Liverpool and Wellsville are alleged to have received a "dirty deal," and it was evident from the statements made and the arguments advanced that the crowd from this city was out for a fight.

The regulars from Salem, Lisbon and other points at the north claimed to have delayed the convening of the caucus in order that Wellsville and East Liverpool might be permitted to have a voice in the selection of those who would represent the county in the convention. When two hours had elapsed they proceeded with the officers and committee members.

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M'KINLEY MEMORIAL AT COLUMBUS

Important Changes Made in the Statue
to Adorn the State Capitol
Grounds.

Columbus, May 12.—(Special)—Many important changes have been made in the original plans for the McKinley memorial to be erected at the west entrance of the state capitol grounds and the work is progressing so rapidly that the sculptor, Herman A. MacNeil, has sent an invitation to the commissioners to view the models at his New York studio within the next five weeks when he hopes to have them completed. John G. Desher, president of the commission, left for New York to view the work and particularly the changes which have been made with the idea of adding to the general beauty of the monument.

The work on the McKinley statue and two groups is well advanced in the three-foot study size. Speaking of the changes, Mr. MacNeil says he realizes that the memorial should have a solid, heavy effect to hold its own with the tremendous columns of the state house.

Salem Homeopath Honored.

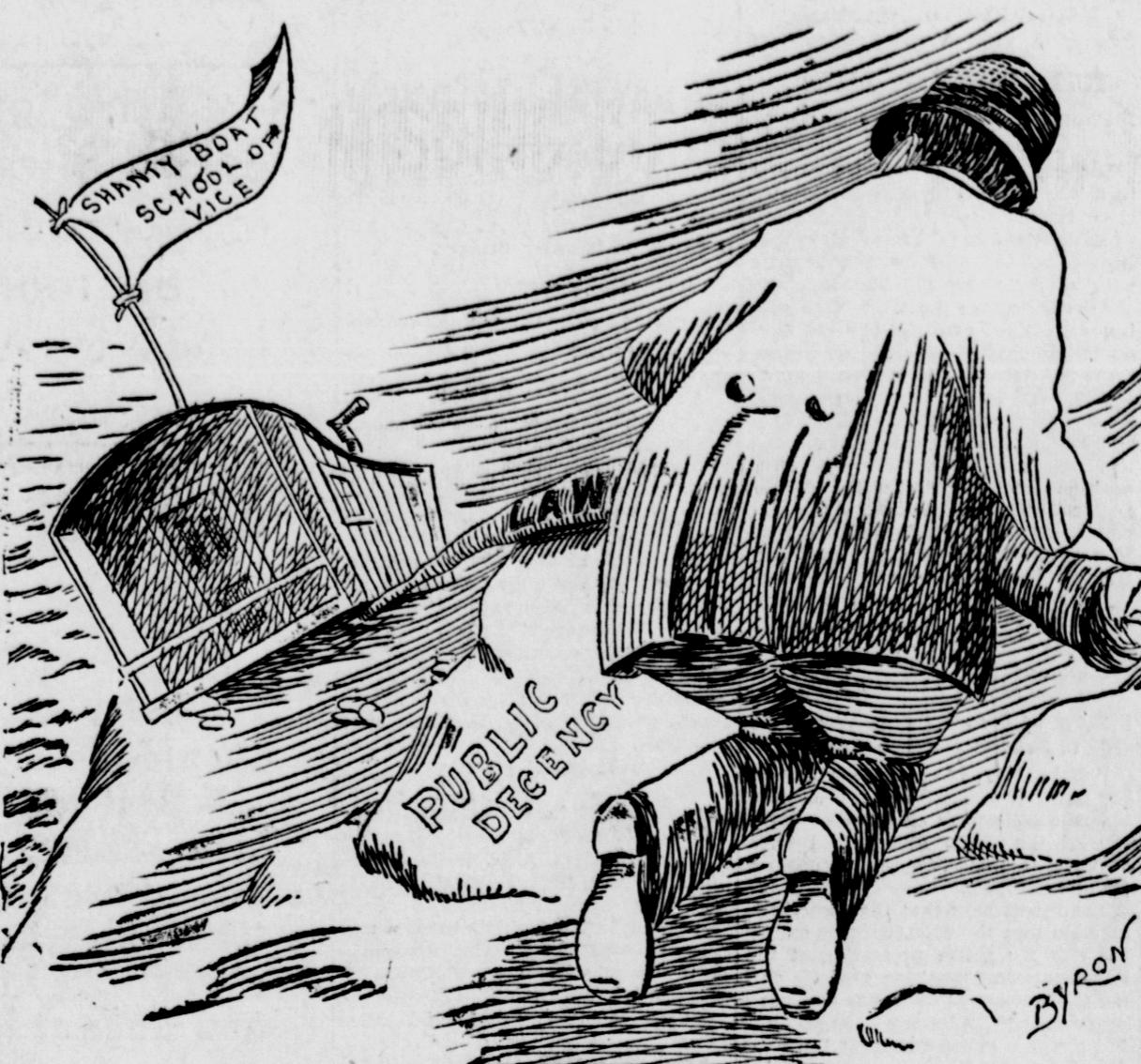
Columbus, May 12.—(Special)—Dr. T. T. Church, of Salem, was again honored by the Homeopathic society of Ohio, which concluded its forty-fifth annual meeting in this city yesterday. Dr. Church has been treasurer of the organization for several years and was again elected to fill this office. The meeting is said to have been one of the best in point of attendance and interest ever held.

Irondeale Man Appointed.

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A NEW DEPOT ON THE OLD SITE

The C. & P. Would Lose Much By a Change of Location.

FREIGHT STATION OPPOSITE

One of the most absurd stories enforced on the public was one in a morning paper, "authentically" announcing the intention of the C. & P. Railroad company to erect a passenger station at the foot of Market street, next door to the property of J. H. Simms. Those in a position to know the facts denounce the story as a bunch of "air" without the least foundation.

As a matter of fact the new depot, when the railroad company gets ready to erect one, will be located on the same site now in use. The company has been dithering for a long time to get control of the adjoining property, and it is assured that the negotiations will close before long. The company would not be shallow-brained enough to release the site now in its possession and go two blocks west, when the conditions at the foot of Market street would not help its interests in the least.

The moment the company abandons the present site as a passenger depot it loses all right to the location. When the site was turned over to the company by the late A. M. Davidson and others it was with the provision that the land should revert back to the property holders when deserted for passenger station purposes. The company has already purchased two vacant lots near the depot with no other intention than to enlarge the depot.

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ALLISON WON ON NOTE SUIT

Chester Man Gets a Verdict for \$1,000 in Action Against Faloon.

Lisbon, May 12.—(Special)—The jury in the case of Oscar O. Allison, of Chester, W. Va., vs. Joseph S. Faloon, of Hanover township, brought in a verdict of \$1,007.31 for the plaintiff at 8 o'clock last evening, after having been out less than an hour.

The verdict was for the full amount sued for with interest, the promissory note for \$1,054 on which the suit was brought having been reduced by two \$50 payments.

It was found that the note had not been raised, as the defendant claimed, from \$54 to \$1,054 by J. C. Lewis, to whom it was originally given.

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The damage suit brought by Mrs. Henry Hetzel in the courts of Allegheny county against the Pennsylvania railroad company, was settled out of court yesterday at Pittsburgh by Mr. Hetzel and Attorney George E. Davidson. Mrs. Hetzel will receive \$6,500, and the court costs will be borne by the railway company.

Mrs. Hetzel was injured in a wreck on the company's lines between Pittsburgh and Connellsville in January, 1903. She has never recovered from the shock and was permanently injured in the smashup. The lady has been in a sanitarium nearly all of the time since the accident, and arrived in the city this week for a temporary stay here.

ANNUAL INSPECTION OF C. & P. ROAD

Officials Making a Tour of the Railway Main Line and Its Branches.

The annual inspection of all the divisions of the Cleveland & Pittsburgh road is now being made by the officials of the road. A special inspection car yesterday went over the division from New Philadelphia to Cleveland, and today from Rochester to Wellsville. Tomorrow the road from Wellsville to Powhatan will be gone over, after which all other divisions will be inspected.

The inspection party is composed of Supt. T. B. Hamilton and assistants, Trainmaster A. J. Dawson and assistants, George LeBoutillier, engineer of maintenance of way, and assistants, with all supervisors, Joseph G. Moore, division operator, and Samuel D. Noragon, road foreman of engines.

Luncheon was taken by the party at Wellsville, and they will remain there over night, leaving for Bellaire in the morning.

The party stopped at the East Liverpool passenger station for an hour this afternoon and made a close inspection of the conditions in that vicinity. It is thought the officials were considering the enlargement of the depot.

Salem Men Interested. Columbus, May 12.—(Special)—The Eastern Ohio Oil and Gas company, organized under the laws of Arizona, with \$100,000 capital stock, has qualified under the laws of Ohio, with Salem as headquarters for this state. A. W. Taylor, E. Taylor and E. E. Hanna are the officers. The company proposes to operate in and about Phoenix, Arizona.

Among the Potteries and Allied Industries

SOZODONT TOOTH POWDER

The best that Money and Experience can produce. 25¢

At all stores, or by mail for the price.
HALL & RUCKEL, NEW YORK.

NOT GUILTY OF LIBEL.

Plaintiff in Celebrated Case Unable to Secure Redress.

London, May 12.—A sensational libel suit brought by the well-known race horse owner, R. S. Sievier, against Sir James Duke, also well known on the turf, was concluded with a verdict for Sir James.

In conclusion let me say that I see

they made your case their own, almost

without exception, and they won at your instigation a case which at first

seemed well-nigh hopeless, and which

was not finally past the dangerous

point until within a few hours of ad-

judgment. Their courage and per-

sistency are worthy of recognition. I

urge you to complete your good work

by writing them your thanks, for with

any less prompt and willing co-operation

the matter would have failed.

In conclusion let me say that I see

the history of this case something

of great promise to the mineral indus-

tries of Ohio. We have no gold or sil-

ver or rare mineral wealth. We have

only the plain work-a-day minerals,

coal, iron, clay and stone. But these

are fundamental to industrial growth,

and infinitely exceed in value the show-

er kinds. They are valuable in an-

other way, for they cannot be exploited

except as the result of technical skill.

To develop such mineral deposits as

ours, means that first we must develop

ourselves. So long as we retain the

intellectual leadership in the mineral

industry, so long will we retain the

commercial supremacy. And only by

such organizations as the university

affords can we attain the highest pro-

gress and greatest control.

In making this school of mines build-

ing a possibility you have taken a long

step ahead. You have put into our

hands the opportunity to make the uni-

versity known as center of knowl-

edge in these lines. And in providing

for the rising generation a chance to

enter life adequately equipped for its

problems, you have taken the surest

path to maintain the honor and pros-

perity of your state.

With grateful acknowledgements, I

am, Yours truly,

EDWARD ORTON, JR.

THE PICNIC DATE.

Yankee Soldiers Ambushed by Moros on Mindanao Island.

Manila, May 12.—Lieutenant Win-

field Harper and 39 men of F company

of the Seventeenth United States in-

fantry, were caught on May 8 in an

ambush by several hundred Moros.

Two American officers and 15 men

were killed and five men were wound-

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were First Lieutenant Harry A. Wood-

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A Timely Suggestion.

This is the season of the year when the prudent and careful housewife replenishes her supply of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy

it is certain to be needed before the winter is over, and results are much more prompt and satisfactory when it is kept at hand and given as soon as the cold is contracted before it has become settled in the system.

In almost every instance a severe cold may be warded off by taking this remedy freely as soon as the first indication of the cold appears.

There is no danger in giving it to children, for it contains no harmful substance it is pleasant to take—both adults and children like it. Buy it and you will get the best. It always cures. Sold by Alvin H. Balzer.

TAKING PICTURES.

Robert Parker, a well known young

decorator, who went to Carrollton sev-

eral months ago to accept a situation in

the pottery there, has established a

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Parker has been a member of the local

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WILL MOVE HERE.

Will Simpson, boss warehouseman

at the Toronto plant, will make his

home in this city after the first of next

month, but will continue in his position,

going back and forth every working

day.

POTTERY NOTES.

O. Jackson, cup jiggerman at Hall's,

has been laid off for several days.

Will Shillings, cup jiggerman at the

K. T. & K., has purchased a home in

Oakland and moved there a few days

ago.

Slick Wooley, of Hall's, has returned

to work after an illness of several

days.

Will Maple and Dan McKinnon, of

McNicol's, had a pleasant and profit-

able fishing trip up Little Beaver creek

Tuesday. They caught some nice

baits.

PRESIDENT'S VACATION.

Chief Executive Will Spend Summer

at Oyster Bay Home.

Washington, May 12.—The presi-

dent will go to Oyster Bay about July

1, remaining there until after he re-

ceives the official notification of the

choice of the Republican convention.

Then he expects to return to Wash-

ington for a stay of two or three

weeks, returning then to Oyster Bay

and remaining there until shortly af-

ter the middle of September.

It is announced that the president

will not receive any delegations at

Oyster Bay and that he will only re-

ceive those visitors on political mat-

ters who come through the national

committee. All other visitors to be

received at Oyster Bay will be limi-

ted to those whose missions are on of-

ficial business.

Will Cure Consumption.

A. A. Herren, of Finch, Ark., writes:

"Foley's Honey and Tar is the best

preparation for coughs, colds and lung

trouble. I know that it has cured

consumption in the first stages."

Sold by Will Reed.

Frank J. Cheney makes oath that he is

the senior partner of the firm of F. J.

Cheney & Co. doing business in the

City of Toledo, Ohio. That the above

named firm will pay the sum of ONE

HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every

case of CATARRH that cannot be cured

by the use of HALL'S CATARRH CURE.

Frank J. Cheney & Co., Toledo O.

Sold by druggists, 75¢.

Hall's Family Pills are the best.

Over 5,000 circulation daily shows

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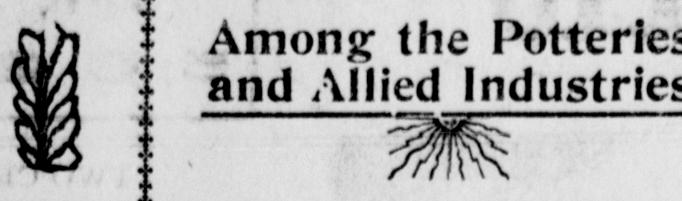
Ministers.

Reception of fraternal delegates.

Music, "Will There Be Any Stars in

My Crown"—Mrs. A. R. Wells, Wells-

ville, and Mrs. H. R. Haines, East Liv-



CERAMIC APPROPRIATION.

A number of local people, among them John Sant, have received letters from Edward Orton, Jr., of the department of ceramics at the Ohio State university, explaining the attitude of the faculty as to the appropriations asked of the legislature. The compliment to Columbiana county's representatives, particularly Mr. Hill, and local manufacturers is well deserved. The letter follows:

In conclusion let me say that I see in the history of this case something of great promise to the mineral industries of Ohio. We have no gold or silver or rare mineral wealth. We have only the plain work-a-day minerals, coal, iron, clay and stone. But these are fundamental to industrial growth, and infinitely exceed in value the showier kinds. They are valuable in another way, for they cannot be exploited except as the result of technical skill.

To develop such mineral deposits as ours, means that first we must develop ourselves. So long as we retain the intellectual leadership in the mineral industry, so long will we retain the commercial supremacy. And only by such organizations as the university affords can we attain the highest progress and greatest control.

In making this school of mines building a possibility you have taken a long step ahead. You have put into our hands the opportunity to make the university known as a center of knowledge in these lines. And in providing for the rising generation a chance to enter life adequately equipped for its problems, you have taken the surest path to maintain the honor and prosperity of your state.

With grateful acknowledgements, I am, Yours truly,

EDWARD ORTON, JR.

THE PICNIC DATE.

The N. B. of O. P. picnic committee, composed of Secretary Mengen, Second Vice President William Elder and Treasurer John Woods has selected Saturday, June 4, as the day for the big event.

The committee held a meeting a few nights ago to start the preparations for the outing and were able to fix the date now that the railroad company has given assurance that trains will be provided. Another meeting will be held some night next week at which it is probable that the necessary sub-committees will be appointed.

The picnic this year will be a great affair if the plans do not miscarry. An effort will be made to interest the operatives in all the towns of the western district, and where possible special excursion trains will be provided.

The picnic last year was a great success and the same general plan for entertainment will likely be followed out. There will be ball games and other athletic contests, good music, dancing, etc.

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The complete Hyomei outfit, consisting of a neat inhaler that can be carried in the purse or pocket, a medicine dropper, and a bottle of Hyomei costs only one dollar. Additional bottles of Hyomei can be procured for fifty cents, making it the most economical of treatments.

Catarrhal colds, which are so common at this season of the year, have been cured in a day. Mild cases of catarrh that have become chronic are frequently cured in a week or ten days. Now is the time to begin the use of Hyomei, remembering that Will Reed sells every package on a positive guarantee to refund the money if it fails to cure.

Sold by Will Reed.

SOZODONT
TOOTH POWDER

The best that Money and
Experience can produce. 25¢

At all stores, or by mail for the price.
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Siever charged the latter with calling him a thief, card sharper and murderer and that Sievier caused his famous mare Sceptre to be pulled in the derby. Sir James pleaded privilege, as the statements were made within the Raleigh club, but he endeavored to show that Sievier's character was such that he could not be libeled. The jury decided that Sir James had not committed any libel and mulcted Sievier in the costs of the suit. Sievier, who was remarkably cool throughout the case, broke down towards the end of his counsel's speech and sobbed bitterly.

EXPENDED ILLEGALLY.

\$150,000 of Buffalo Funds Were Paid to Police Exposition There.

Buffalo, May 12.—At a meeting of the board of councilmen, the committee to consider the charge that \$200,000 of the city's money had been squandered, or illegally expended, made its report.

The report says that the committee believes that the \$150,000 paid out by the city for police protection at the Pan-American exposition grounds during the summer of 1901 was expended illegally, the city having no more right to pay for a police force for the Pan-American exposition, a private corporation, than they have to organize and pay for a police force for any other private corporation.

17 AMERICANS KILLED.

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Traveling is Dangerous.

Constant motion jars the kidneys which are kept in place in the body by delicate attachments. This is the reason that travelers, trainmen, street car men, teamsters and all who drive very much, suffer from kidney disease in some form. Foley's Kidney Cure strengthens the kidneys and cures all forms of kidney and bladder disease.

George E. Hausan, locomotive engineer, Lima, O., writes: "Constant vibration of the engine caused me a great deal of trouble with my kidneys and I got no relief until I used Foley's Kidney Cure."

Sold by Will Reed.

Warships Leave St. Louis.

St. Louis, May 12.—The United States gunboat Nashville and the torpedo boat destroyer Lawrence, which have been here for 12 days in honor of the opening of the Louisiana Purchase exposition, have departed for New Orleans.

Canadians Seize American Nets.

Port Stanley, Ont., May 12.—Captain Dunn of the Dominion government cruiser Petrel seized 118 gill nets being illegally used in Canadian water in Lake Erie. The nets were confiscated and sold.

STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO, *vs.*
FRANK J. CHENEY makes oath that he is the senior partner of the firm of F. J. CHENEY & CO., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that he will pay to the Plaintiff **ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS** for each and every case of CATARRH that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CATARRH CURE.

FRANK J. CHENEY.

Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence this 12th day of December A. D. 1898.

A. W. GLEASON,
Notary Public.

SEAL

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonial free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.
Sold by druggists, etc.

Hall's Family Pills are the best.

Over 5,000 circulation daily shows

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Tuesday, 1:30 p. m.
Devotional exercises—Mrs. B. Harmer, East End.

Address of welcome—Mrs. Frank Crook, president of W. H. M. S. East Liverpool.

Enrollment of delegates.

Minutes.

Reception of fraternal delegates.

Music, "Will There Be Any Stars in My Crown?"—Mrs. A. R. Wells, Wellsville, and Mrs. H. R. Haines, East Liverpool.

"Letting in the Light Is the Old and Only Way of Driving Out the Darkness"—Mrs. William McCormack, Wellsville.

Music—Dr. S. P. Lloyd and Miss Lloyd.

"The Open Door to Opportunity"—Mrs. Stella Randall, East End.

Solo—Mrs. E. W. Fowler, East Liverpool.

"Our Country"—Miss Edith Norris, Wellsville.

Music, piano and violin duet—Misses Fanny and Florence Schmelzenbach, Erie M. E. Aux., East End.

"The Ideal Home Missionary Woman in the Community"—Mrs. Sarah Dawson, East End, Aux.

Music—Mrs. T. H. Silver, Wellsville.

Report of district officers.

W. H. M. S. and Young People's Work—Mrs. E. S. Haughton, Martin's Ferry.

The Deaconess—Mrs. Ida B. McCool, Wellsville.

Benediction—Rev. M. B. Pratt.

Tuesday, 7:30 p. m.
Devotional exercises—Mrs. Henry Goodwin, assisted by Chinese pupils, East Liverpool.

Greeting—Dr. M. B. Pratt, pastor First M. E. church, East Liverpool.

Violin solo—Miss Lida B. Kountz, accompanist, Mrs. Arthur Hill, East Liverpool.

Address by conference secretary—Young People's Work—Mrs. Inez Bonham, Salem.

Solo—Mrs. William Caldwell, Steubenville.

"Yesterday, Today and the Bright Tomorrow of Home Missionary Work"—Mrs. Anna M. Halstead, Steubenville. Music.

Recitation—Miss Laura Waller, Steubenville.

Address—Mrs. N. W. Bass, national organizer.

Solo—Mrs. Homer J. Taylor, East Liverpool.

Silver offering.

Benediction—Dr. J. M. Toland, Wellsville.

Wednesday, 8:45 a. m.
Devotional exercises—Miss Alpha Tanny.

Holloway Deaconess' home, Bridgeport.

Reading of minutes.

Enrollment of delegates.

Appointment of committees.

Solo—Mrs. James McCracken, Steubenville.

Report of auxiliaries.

Music—Mrs. Thomas Silver, Wellsville.

"Our Country, the World's Greatest Mission Field"—Miss Florence Updegraff, East Liverpool.

"Our Southern Work"—Mrs. D. M. Gruber, Steubenville.

"The Lord's Tenth a Religious Tax"—Mrs. J. R. Keyes, Martin's Ferry.

"Where Has Thou Gleamed Today?"—Mrs. S. M. Snediker, Wellsville.

Solo—Mrs. Homer J. Taylor, East Liverpool.

"Mormonism"—Mrs. Harry E. Buchanan, Steubenville.

"The Past, Present and Future of Home Missionary Work"—Mrs. Stephen Clark, Mingo Junction.

Music—Quartet of First M. E. church, East Liverpool.

Deaconess' Work at Holloway.

Wednesday, 1:30 p. m.
Devotional services—Visiting pastor.

Report of committees.

Electron of officers.

Music, duet—Mrs. William Caldwell and Mrs. James McCracken, Steubenville.

Miscellaneous business.

Question box, conducted by Mrs. N. W. Bass.

Discussion, "What Is the Greatest

plaintiff. The amount was found to be due on a promissory note secured by a mortgage on lots 67, 78 and 4 in the village of Guilford, Hanover township, and in default of payment the sheriff is authorized to sell this real estate to satisfy the claim.

In the case of the Pettebelle Cataract Paper company vs. the Crisis Publishing company, leave is given the Cleveland Paper Manufacturing company to file answer by May 25.

In the divorce case of Jennie Fogle vs. George Fogle, the plaintiff is allowed alimony of \$25 down and \$10 a month, beginning June 1, during the pendency of the suit.

In the case of Bert Gregory vs. E. G. Whittacre, leave is given the defendant to file answer and cross petition instanter.

In the case of John B. Morgan, administrator, vs. Charles Zimmerman, letter carrier, says: "I contracted cold which settled in my kidneys and caused such severe pain across the small of my back that I could scarcely get around my trip. I thought it would wear off, but as it did not, but grew worse, I got Doan's Kidney Pill's at the W. & W. Pharmacy and took them. The result was the pain soon left me and I am all right again."

Sold for 50 cents a box by all dealers.



Headlights of the Cremo

You see them everywhere—the signal of enjoyment and satisfaction that shines brightly from the face of every Cremo Smoker—5c.

Largest Seller in the World.

The Band is the Smoker's Protection.

World's Fair Visitors.

Will profit by adding a trip to Colorado, Utah or the Pacific Coast, touring the delightful Rocky Mountain region via the

Denver and Rio Grande Railroad

which has more scenic attractions, mountain resorts, mineral springs and fishing grounds than any other line in the world.

The invigorating climate of Colorado makes it especially inviting for a summer vacation. As health resorts, Manitou, Colorado Springs, Glenwood Springs and Salt Lake City are world-famed.

Low excursion rates prevail to Colorado and Utah via all lines, allowing liberal stop-overs at and west of Colorado points.

Through car service from St. Louis and Chicago to Colorado, Utah and California points. Superb dining cars, service à la carte, on all through trains. Beautifully illustrated booklets will be sent free on application to

S. K. HOOPER,

Gen. Pass. and Ticket Agent.

Denver, - - - Colorado.

FOOS' GAS and GASOLINE ENGINES

2 to 80 H. P.

Have for 20 years given perfect satisfaction. Fully Guaranteed.

E. G. DEAN, Agent,
NOVELTY MACHINE WORKS,

Boh Phones (Bell 584) Col. Co. 129
127 Fourth St E. L. O.

SPONGES

Just received a large assortment of all kind of Fine Sponges

Potters' Sponges,
Rubber Sponges,
Fine Bath Sponges, Etc.

Remember the price is always right when you buy from
C. T. McCutcheon, Druggist

Cor. Virginia Ave. & 2nd St., Chester, W. Va.

Dr. S. W. Hemphill,
Physician and Surgeon.
Office and residence: Oakland
Switch, East End.

East End Novelty Store,

DID YOU SAY WALL PAPER?
Well if that's what you're looking for, come in and see me. Don't be persuaded that a little cleaner will make your old paper same as new, that's sound right. Pull down your old paper and select a nice new paper and then you will make no mistake. Will cost you very little more. Also we keep most everything usually found in a first class novelty store. Don't forget the place, No. 146 Mulberry St., E. E.

SHOE REPAIRING
Work done neatly and promptly. Best of Leather. Satisfaction Guaranteed.
Joseph Cardy's
Penn's Ave., East End, Next Bradmon's Grocery.

PAPER HANGING

Done by O. W. SMITH.

Opposite Horace Mann School; Erie Street, East End

When in East End Call at

PRESCOTT'S CAFE

For a good meal or short order. We have a fine line of Confections, Tobaccos and Cigars.

IRWIN'S OLD STAND.

ALL WOMEN

Who wish to retain or regain their health must see to it that functional regularity is established. This is an all-important question and the wise woman will resort to Hostetter's Stomach Bitters at the first symptom of any derangement, because she knows it always gives prompt relief. Pains in the Back, Bloating, Vomiting, Headache, Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Fainting Spells and Sleeplessness are all danger signals which require the Bitters. Try one bottle.

HOSTETTER'S STOMACH BITTERS.

was drilled in the summer of 1902, and because of the large number of oil springs found there throughout a long belt parallel to the coast. The well drilled in 1902 yielded petroleum at a depth of about 250 feet. At 350 feet the tools appeared to enter a cavity in the rock and a large flow of oil began spouting many feet above the top of the derrick. The well was immediately capped and was reopened in July, 1903, and drilled deeper. In September, 1903, the depth attained was between 400 and 500 feet, and drilling was still continuing. Four wells were drilled in this region during the summer of 1903 and several more are probably now under way. At last accounts, the only well that had struck oil was the one drilled in 1902. Much activity has been shown in staking claims, but a large proportion of them were located for purely speculative purposes, and are probably out of the oil belt. The petroleum is clearly a refining oil of the same general nature as the Pennsylvania petroleum. It resembles the latter in containing a high proportion of the more volatile compounds, in having a paraffin base, and in carrying almost no sulphur.

Dr. Martin's work consisted of making a study of the relation of the oil sands to the rocks exposed at the surface, mapping the approximate outlines of the oil belt, and determining what portions of it are likely to be of most value. He found that the field is very complex and irregular in its structure and boundaries. No investments should be made or wells located without the best expert advice.

The petroleum of the Cape Taktag field is said to be similar in character to that of the Controller Bay field. Although this field is only about 75 miles east of Controller Bay, no development work has been done there, owing to the difficulty of transporting machinery to the region. The shore line is straight and there is no harbor to afford shelter for any kind of boat. It would be necessary either to land the machinery through the surf on the open coast or to transport it overland from Controller Bay. The lack of roads makes the latter plan impossible at present. Shipments of oil may, however, be made by pipe line along the coast, as it is understood that surveys have been made with such an object in view.

During his month's work on the west shore of Cook Inlet, Dr. Martin made a map of the shore from a point north of Chinitna Bay to the mouth of Iliaama Bay, including the shores of Chinitna Bay, Dry Bay, Oil Bay, and Enochkin Bay. This map will show not only the outline of the shore, but the position of the principal mountains, the locations of the camps and trails, and the boundaries of the belt within which petroleum may be looked for. The surface indications of petroleum in this region consist of seepages, or oil springs, and so-called gas springs. Two wells were drilling in this field, one at Oil Bay and one at Dry Bay. The former is reported to have struck a flow of 50 barrels of petroleum at a depth of about 500 feet, but later a strong flow of water was encountered that shut off the flow of oil. The shipment of petroleum from this field would probably be made from Enochkin and Chinitna bays, which are harbors that afford safe anchorage to large vessels in all weather as well as good wharf sites. Ships can, however, anchor in the mouth of Oil Bay and off Dry Bay, except during very bad weather. If docks should be constructed either at Enochkin or Chinitna, it would be necessary to build pipe lines and pumping stations to transfer the product from the field to the shipping point.

While at Cold Bay Dr. Martin made a hasty examination of the oil field. The seepages were found to come from the same Jurassic shales as on Cook Inlet, and the general structure of the bed rock was determined. Two wells were drilling near Cold Bay at the time of Dr. Martin's visit. If petroleum should be discovered in commercial quantities in this region it could be piped from the wells by gravity to Cold Bay and shipped thence to San Francisco or to Puget Sound ports.

Dr. Martin's final report will contain all available information concerning the natural features, geology, and economic prospects of these regions, and will be accompanied by maps showing the harbors, mountain ranges, rivers, and trails, as well as the boundaries of the oil and coal belts.

COUNTY AND NEIGHBORHOOD

An influenza epidemic is killing off many horses in Canton.

Steubenville expects to get along next year with an 11-mill tax, a reduction of 1.5 mills.

A goose belonging to a man named Guiss is dead near Bucyrus. It was taken there 75 years ago from Columbian county.

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Athlophoros

Stops Rheumatism

Sold by all Druggists. Send for Free Book to The Athlophoros Co., New Haven, Conn.

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Gentlemen:—

Eleven years ago a cancer appeared on my left ear. It was small at first, but, as is the case with a growth of this kind, it gradually increased in size and severity. One of the earliest signs was that the ear was entirely eaten away. There was a raw sore on my ear, and far as it was, it was about two inches long. You can imagine how I suffered.

That eating, gnawing sensation continued without interruption day or night. Occasionally a blood vessel was eaten off and the pain was terrible. The pain was so severe that I could not be in bed without being afraid of the continued suppuration of the wound. My condition was indeed deplorable, a rancorous, loathsome cancer, eating away my life, inch by inch.

Of course I sought advice from numerous physicians; I called upon physicians of St. Louis and Cleveland, and was under treatment by local physicians for a number of years. The last physician to whom I talked told me plainly that I would not live four months unless I submitted to an operation. It was then that the good old Rev. Scott told me he thought that LIFE PLANT would cure me.

I immediately began taking LIFE PLANT; I had not taken one bottle until the eating sensation lessened. I stopped all other treatment, and have taken nothing but LIFE PLANT since.

I realized that I could not be cured of a disease that had been existing for eleven years, and had reached the stage of development that my case had, but on or two bottles of LIFE PLANT and any other medicine I settled down to taking this one remedy, and while I improved from the very beginning, the cancer was not entirely cured for years.

I began taking LIFE PLANT on or about the 10th day of September, 1892, and now I am 20 years old, and as well as ever, sound in every particular. There is no mark on my body where the cancer was.

Now I want to say that in view of the fact that cancer is one of the most severe and most blood diseases known, and in view of the fact that LIFE PLANT cured me, I fully believe that LIFE PLANT will cure any disease arising from impure blood if the patient will persist in its use as I did. I have been making use of the same and stand ready to back every word with an affidavit if called upon to do so.

Wishing you success, I am sincerely yours,

AMAN D. MILLIS.

LIFE PLANT is for sale by all Druggists, or will be sent anywhere, charges paid, on receipt of price, \$1 per bottle—six bottles for \$6.

THE LIFE PLANT CO., CANTON, OHIO

FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

DR. FENNER'S

Kidney

AND

Backache Cure

ALSO PURIFIES THE BLOOD.

Don't become discouraged. There is a cure for you. If necessary write Dr. Fenner. He has spent a lifetime curing just such cases as yours. All consultations are FREE.

A Grand Old Soldier.

Troubled With Severe Pains in His Back for 30 Years.

I have been troubled with severe pains in my back and kidneys for over 30 years caused by exposure during the Civil War.

I tried many Patent Medicines and physicians but could secure no permanent relief.

A sample bottle of Dr. Fenner's Kidney and Backache Cure was given me and it did me so much good that I finally took several of your dollar sized bottles which effected a prompt and permanent cure.

It is pleasant to take. You may refer any one to me as I shall take great pleasure in recommending it.

HENRY C. CLAYTON,
719 N. Broadway, St. Louis, Mo.

Sold by Druggists, 50c. and \$1. Get Cook Book and Treatise on the Kidneys FREE. M. M. Fenner, M. D., Fredonia, N. Y.

For Sale at Hodson's Drug Store

PURE ICE, YES.

The doctor tells you to boil the water before using it; Why? Because heat kills germs, freezing does not. We do more than that; we condense it from steam, re-boil and filter it, thus destroying all germs so prevalent in ponds and streams of water in thickly populated communities. Use the best; it costs no more than the other kind. Strictly speaking, Hygeia Ice is the only pure ice. Delivered to all parts of the city, East End and river road included.

Prompt service. Quality the best. Bell 'phone 98. Col. Co. 'phone 452.

Crockery City Ice Company

SPRING WATER ICE!

PURE, CLEAN, WHOLESOME.

<p



Headlights of the Cremo

You see them everywhere—the signal of enjoyment and satisfaction that shines brightly from the face of every Cremo Smoker—5c.

Largest Seller in the World.

The Band is the Smoker's Protection.

World's Fair Visitors.

Will profit by adding a trip to Colorado, Utah or the Pacific Coast, touring the delightful Rocky Mountain region via the

Denver and Rio Grande Railroad

which has more scenic attractions, mountain resorts, mineral springs and fishing grounds than any other line in the world.

The invigorating climate of Colorado makes it especially inviting for a summer vacation. As health resorts, Manitou, Colorado Springs, Glenwood Springs and Salt Lake City are world-famed.

Low excursion rates prevail to Colorado and Utah via all lines, allowing liberal stop-overs at and west of Colorado points.

Through car service from St. Louis and Chicago to Colorado, Utah and California points. Superb dining cars, service à la carte, on all through trains. Beautifully illustrated booklets will be sent free on application to

S. K. HOOPER,
Gen. Pass. and Ticket Agent.
Denver, - - - Colorado.

FOOS' GAS and GASOLINE ENGINES

2 to 80 H. P.

Have for 20 years given perfect satisfaction. Fully guaranteed.

E. G. DEAN, Agent,
NOVELTY MACHINE WORKS,

Boh Phones { Bell 584 Col. Co. 129

SPONGES

Just received a large assortment of all kind of Fine Sponges

Potters' Sponges,
Rubber Sponges,
Fine Bath Sponges, Etc.

Remember the price is always right when you buy from

C. T. McCutcheon, Druggist

Cor. Virginia Ave. & 2nd St., Chester, W. Va.

Dr. S. W. Hemphill,
Physician and Surgeon.
Office and residence: Oakland
Switch, East End.

East End Novelty Store,

DID YOU SAY WALL PAPER?
Well if that's what you're looking for, come in and see me. Don't be persuaded that a little cleaner will make your old paper same as new, that don't sound right. Pull down your old paper and select a nice new paper and then you will make no mistake. Will cost you very little more. Also we keep most everything usually found in a first class novelty store. Don't forget the place, No. 146 Mulberry St., E. E.

W. W. ROACH, Prop.

SHOE REPAIRING

Work done neatly and promptly. Best of leather. Satisfaction Guaranteed.

Joseph Cardy's

Penn's Ave., East End, Next Brad-
mon's Grocery.

First Class PAPER HANGING

Done by O. W. SMITH.

Opposite Horace Mann School; Eri-
Street, East End

When in East End Call at

PRESCOTT'S CAFE

For a good meal or short order.

We have a fine line of Confections.

Tobaccos and Cigars.

IRWIN'S OLD STAND.

ALL WOMEN

Who wish to retain or regain their health must see to it that functional regularity is established. This is an all-important question and the wise woman will resort to Hostetter's Stomach Bitters at the first symptom of any derangement, because she knows it always gives prompt relief. Pains in the Back, Bloating, Vomiting, Headache, Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Fainting Spells and Sleeplessness are all danger signals which require the Bitters. Try one bottle.

**HOSTETTER'S
STOMACH BITTERS.**

was drilled in the summer of 1902, and because of the large number of oil springs found there throughout a long belt parallel to the coast. The well drilled in 1902 yielded petroleum at a depth of about 250 feet. At 350 feet the tools appeared to enter a cavity in the rock and a large flow of oil began spouting many feet above the top of the derrick. The well was immediately capped and was reopened in July, 1903, and drilled deeper. In September, 1903, the depth attained was between 400 and 500 feet, and drilling was still continuing. Four wells were drilled in this region during the summer of 1903 and several more are probably now under way. At last accounts, the only well that had struck oil was the one drilled in 1902. Much activity has been shown in staking claims, but a large proportion of them were located for purely speculative purposes, and are probably out of the oil belt. The petroleum is clearly a refining oil of the same general nature as the Pennsylvania petroleum. It resembles the latter in containing a high proportion of the more volatile compounds, in having a paraffin base, and in carrying almost no sulphur.

Dr. Martin's work consisted of making a study of the relation of the oil sands to the rocks exposed at the surface, mapping the approximate outlines of the oil belt, and determining what portions of it are likely to be of most value. He found that the field is very complex and irregular in its structure and boundaries. No investments should be made or wells located without the best expert advice.

The petroleum of the Cape Yaktag field is said to be similar in character to that of the Controller Bay field. Although this field is only about 75 miles east of Controller Bay, no development work has been done there, owing to the difficulty of transporting machinery to the region. The shore line is straight and there is no harbor to afford shelter for any kind of boat. It would be necessary either to land the machinery through the surf on the open coast or to transport it overland from Controller Bay. The lack of roads makes the latter plan impossible at present. Shipments of oil may, however, be made by pipe line along the coast, as it is understood that surveys have been made with such an object in view.

During his month's work on the west shore of Cook Inlet, Dr. Martin made a map of the shore from the point north of Chinitna Bay to the mouth of Iliaama Bay, including the shores of Chinitna Bay, Dry Bay, Oil Bay, and Enochkin Bay. This map will show not only the outline of the shore, but the position of the principal mountains, the locations of the camps and trails, and the boundaries of the belt within which petroleum may be looked for. The surface indications of petroleum in this region consist of seepages, oil springs, and so-called gas springs. Two wells were drilling in this field, one at Oil Bay and one at Dry Bay. The former is reported to have struck a flow of 50 barrels of petroleum at a depth of about 500 feet, but later a strong flow of water was encountered that shut off the flow of oil. The shipment of petroleum from this field would probably be made from Enochkin and Chinitna bays, which are harbors that afford safe anchorage to large vessels in all weather as well as good wharf sites. Ships can, however, anchor in the mouth of Oil Bay and of Dry Bay, except during very bad weather. If docks should be constructed either at Enochkin or Chinitna, it would be necessary to build pipe lines and pumping stations to transfer the product from the field to the shipping point.

While at Cold Bay Dr. Martin made a hasty examination of the oil field. The seepages were found to come from the same Jurassic shales as on Cook Inlet, and the general structure of the bed rock was determined. Two wells were drilling near Cold Bay at the time of Dr. Martin's visit. If petroleum should be discovered in commercial quantities in this region it could be piped from the wells by gravity to Cold Bay and shipped thence to San Francisco or to Puget Sound or the Cook Inlet fields. The only general district, therefore, which Dr. Martin did not visit personally was the Cape Yaktag field. His statements about that are necessarily based upon the observations of others. All these regions, except the Cape Yaktag field, may be reached directly from Seattle by steamer.

The region about Controller Bay is known as the Kayak oil field, because the landing point and postoffice for this region is on Kayak Island. It is also sometimes called the Katalla oil field, from the town and river of that name. This district has attracted considerable attention because of the flow of petroleum from a well which

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BAR-BEN

THE GREAT RESTORATIVE

WILL CURE YOU.

We want all men and women who are weak to know that Bar-Ben is true and without any exception. It is a great restorative for lost vitality and its hundred fold virtues.

Bar-Ben is a true nerve and blood purifier. It puts new vigor and perfect health into the weak nerves and broken down system. It makes the appetite keen, the digestion perfect and promotes refreshing sleep; body and mind are strengthened and the system invigorated.

Bar-Ben is the strongest, purest and safest cure for all nervous diseases, lost vitality, night sweats, rheumatism and excesses of over work, worry, and fatigue. It cures rheumatism of the joints, and all nervous diseases, and cures your trouble. Bar-Ben will bring you back to health.

Don't wait another day. Get some Bar-Ben and begin taking it. The sooner you commence, the better the results.

All druggists, 50 cents or more, on receipt of price. Write for free sample.

THE BAR-BEN REMEDIES CO., CLEVELAND, O.

For sale by JOHN I. HODSON, J. D. HOLLOWAY, C. G. ANDERSON, POTTERS' DRUG CO.

JOHN H. MOORE
The Old Reliable

Water Well Driller

Cor. 18th and Main Sts.

WELLSVILLE, OHIO

Ath-lo-pho-fos Stops Rheumatism

Sold by all Druggists. Send for Free Book to
The Athlophorus Co., New Haven, Conn.

CANCER CURED BY LIFE PLANT

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Gentlemen:—
Eleven years ago a cancer appeared on my left ear. It was small at first, but grew and grew in size and severity. One of the cartilages of the ear was entirely eaten away. There was a raw sore on my ear and face as broad as your finger and about two inches long. You can imagine how I suffered.

The swelling, growing, sometimes almost without interruption day or night. Occasionally a blood vessel was eaten off and the blood would trickle down my face. For three years I could not be in bed without ticing up my face on account of the continued suppuration of the wound. My condition was indeed most horrid, most inconveniences, loathsome cancer, eating away my life, inch by inch.

I, of course, sought advice from numerous physicians; I called upon physicians of St. Louis and Cleveland, and was under treatment by local physicians for a number of years. The last physician to whom I talked told me plainly that I would not live four months unless I submitted to an operation. It was then that Life Plant would help me.

I immediately began taking Life Plant; I had not taken one bottle of the ordinary oleum lessened. I stopped all other treatment, and have taken nothing but Life Plant since.

I realized that I could not be cured of a disease that had been coming on me for years and had reached the stage of development, but my case had been two bottles of Life Plant or any other medicine. I settled down to taking this one remedy, and while I improved from the very beginning, the cancer was not entirely cured for years.

After taking Life Plant on or about the 10th day of September, I now live 57 years of age, and as well as ever, sound in every particular. There is no more cancer, the sore is entirely healed, and nothing but a scar remains to show that my life was once threatened with a deadly cancer.

Now I want to say that in all cases of life threatening blood disease known, and in view of the fact that Life Plant cured me, I firmly believe that Life Plant will cure any disease arising from impure blood if the patient will persist in its use as I did. I have been taking Life Plant since I began to take it, and stand ready to back every word with an affidavit if called upon to do so. Witness your success, I am sincerely yours,

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I have been troubled with severe pains in my back and kidneys for over 30 years caused by exposure during the Civil War.

The News Review

Daily Except Sunday.

BRUSH BROS. PROPS.

LOUIS H. BRUSH, Publisher.

The News Review, Daily.

Established 1884. By mail, one year, when paid in advance, \$8.00; six months, \$1.50; three months, 75c; by carrier, \$5.00; ten cents per week.

Official Paper

of the City of East Liverpool and Columbiana County.

Office 196 Washington Street.

Bell Telephone.

Business Office No. 12
Editorial Room No. 122
Columbiana County Telephone.

Business Office No. 122
Editorial Room No. 846

CHARLES S. PATTESON,

Manager of Foreign Advertising.

NEW YORK OFFICE—522 Temple Court
CHICAGO OFFICE—1806 Tribune Bldg.

CIRCULATION STATEMENT.

The guaranteed net paid circulation of the Evening News Review and Crisis, excluding copies sent to advertisers and exchanges, returns and spoiled, for the month of April 1904, was 124,837. Average for month, 4,802.

The following are the figures for the month:

April 1	3,900
April 2	4,248
April 3	4,273
April 4	4,302
April 5	4,308
April 6	4,305
April 7	4,310
April 8	4,310
April 9	5,025
April 10	5,025
April 11	5,031
April 12	5,019
April 13	5,024
April 14	5,005
April 15	4,986
April 16	4,994
April 17	5,001
April 18	5,010
April 19	5,002
April 20	5,004
April 21	5,010
April 22	5,010
April 23	5,001
April 24	5,008
April 25	5,015
April 26	5,011
April 27	5,019
April 28	5,002
April 29	5,004
April 30	5,047
SUNDAY.	

TOTAL 124,837

Columbiana County, State of Ohio, 22.

I, William L. Bettie, manager of circulation, swear that the above statement is true.

WILLIAM L. BETTIE.

Swear to and subscribe to in my presence this 2d day of May, 1904.

J. S. HILBERT,
Notary Public.

THURSDAY, MAY 12, 1904.

REPUBLICAN DISTRICT AND COUNTY TICKET.

For Congress—James Kennedy.

For Judge of Circuit Court—Peter A. Lanahan.

For Common Pleas Judge—W. W. Hole.

For Auditor—Galen A. Sheets.

For Commissioner—Eden Reeder.

For Infirmary Director—George W. Armstrong.

W. Aubrey Thomas, of Niles, has been nominated for congress by the Republicans to succeed Gen. Charles Dick, elevated to the senate. The nomination concludes one of the most strenuous political contests ever fought in the Nineteenth Ohio district, long famous as a political battle ground. Fortunately the battle was a fair and square one, everybody is satisfied with the result, and no bitterness left behind. Mr. Thomas is a young man of ability and a business man of prominence and will add strength to the Ohio delegation in congress, his election being a certainty.

The street cleaners of New York find their occupation dangerous. It is said fully one-third of them have tuberculosis, and no man who follows the work can live over five years. This shows how deadly street dust is a menace to the public health should be removed as promptly and completely as possible.

St. Louis hotel keepers deny that they have formed a combination to boost prices for accommodations. They would be working, not only against the success of the fair, but against their own interests by so doing.

Steubenville is dissatisfied with the estimate made by the census department regarding her population. It's a wonder, considering the numerous crimes and accidents there, that that town continues to grow at all.

An exchange remarks that the Japs are dissipating the notion that men must be white in order to shoot straight. If that idea ever prevailed, the American Indian certainly disproved it.

Pennsylvania highwaymen are even stealing the shoes from the feet of their victims. Such talent is wasted in the east. They should go to Missouri and join the Democratic party there.

A learned Philadelphia doctor announces the discovery of a new antidote for rattlesnake poison. He will find it difficult to make it more popular than the old-time standard remedy.

The Democrats are now talking about a dark horse. What is the mat-

Constipation

Headache, biliousness, heartburn, indigestion, and all liver ills are cured by

Hood's Pills

Sold by all druggists. 25 cents.

DEATH AN ACCIDENT

D. M. OGILVIE & CO.

Coroner's Jury Renders Verdict in Case of Young Millionaire Wentz.

GROUNDHOG'S HOLE SEARCHED

Diggers Were Looking for Hand Missing from Corpse on Which There Was Valuable Ring—Relatives Believe Young Man Was Murdered.

If the road congress, which meets at St. Louis next week, wants some photographs of horrible examples of what roads should not be, Columbiana county could furnish an abundance.

The Ohio supreme court has decided that the husband ought to be the head of the family. A lot of fellows know, however, that he isn't.

Scientists are telling the people that they eat too much, but the produce dealers are doing their best to discourage the habit.

"Whither are we drifting?" asks a vociferous Democrat. If he refers to his party the answer is, Straight to the shores of Nowhere.

The true Republican spirit is revealed in every line of the convention platform adopted at Canton yesterday.

A boom has been launched for Hitt, of Illinois, for vice president, and it may prove a lucky strike.

"Money is a good thing," says Rockefeller. Only when it is honestly earned, John.

Each Republican convention that is held lengthens the Roosevelt column.

Democratic disgust as regards Bryan is deepening daily.

OBITUARY

Frank Rogers.

Frank Rogers, of Salineville, died yesterday in Cleveland, where he had been taken to be treated for dropsy. He was a native of Scotland, but spent most of his life in this country. He had been identified with the business interests of Salineville for 40 years. He helped to build the C. & P. railroad and was station master at that town for many years. He leaves a comfortable fortune. Mr. Rogers was a Mason and a prominent member of the M. E. church. He is survived by two sons and two daughters and his aged wife, Mrs. E. W. Hill, of this city, a daughter.

The funeral will take place Saturday at 1 p.m., from the home in Salineville, Rev. S. A. Pergoy officiating. The Masonic lodge will also conduct services.

Patrick McKenna.

Patrick McKenna, who died yesterday morning at his home in Oakland, East End, died of la grippe, after an illness of two weeks. The funeral services will be held Friday morning in St. Alcyonius church. Mr. McKenna was a stone mason by trade and had lived in this city 11 years, coming here from Salineville. He was widely known in the city and very highly respected. He is survived by his wife and the following children: Charles, Frank, Raymond, Elizabeth and Simon McKenna.

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WOMEN NOT BARRED.

Pope Does Not Forbid Their Singing in Church Choirs.

Chief Engineer of Panama Canal Consulted Her Wishes.

Wooster, O. May 12.—It was Mrs. David A. Wallace, his mother, who caused John F. Wallace to accept the position of chief engineer of the Panama canal.

After the place had been offered to him by President Roosevelt he left Washington for Wooster to consult his mother, determined to accept only on condition that she approved. Mrs. Wallace is 72 years old. He told her of the president's request that he take the engineering post and spoke of what it involved.

"Shall I accept?" he asked, adding, "It rests entirely with you."

Mrs. Wallace thought of the eight or 10 years' absence, of the disease, dangers that the work involved, of her own years, and the probability that she should never see her son again. But she answered, "It is your duty; go."

Crepe de Chine, beautiful quality, \$1 and \$1.25.

45 inch cream Crepe de Chine \$2.

Crepe de Chine in a few good shades 75c.

Peau de Crepe, 24 inches wide, \$1.

Peau de Cygne, black and colors, 85c and \$1.

19 inch Colored Taffeta, excellent quality, 75c.

19 inch Colored Taffeta 50c.

27 inch Jap Silks, good line of colors, 50c.

Colored Shantung Silks, light blue, navy blue and oyster white, \$1.25.

D. M. OGILVIE & CO.

FIFTH STREET.

If you are pale, no energy, no ambition, irritable, cross, ugly, take Hollister's Rocky Mountain Tea, and see it revitalizes your whole system. It will do the business thoroughly. 35 cents, tea or tablet.

The best is the cheapest. The Review is admittedly the best home newspaper.

Silks

Selling more Silks than ever before—better and larger stock.

Boxbay Never Tear Lining Silk

Warranted not to stretch, split, or cut—black, white, cream, three shades of blue, green, helio, brown—and is made in all shades—for linings, for drop skirts, waists or suits—36 inches wide, \$1 per yard.

"Moneybak"

Black Silks

Guaranteed to wear and give satisfaction.

24 inch Moneybak Taffeta \$1.25.

36 inch Moneybak Taffeta \$2.

36 inch Moneybak Peau de Soie \$2.50.

The same firm is making a 36 inch Taffeta named "Diamond"—same guarantee as "Moneybak"—\$1.50 per yard.

Other grades in 36 inch Black Taffeta \$1 and \$1.25.

Narrow widths in Black Taffeta 50c, 60c, 75c, 85c, \$1 and \$1.25.

D. M. OGILVIE & CO.

Silks for Shirt Waist Suits

Blue, brown, mode, grey, green, red, and black, neat figures, dots, stripes and checks—65c, 75c, 85c, 90c and \$1.

Foulards

24 inches wide, brown, blue, grey, 75c and \$1.

Printed Jap Silks, white grounds with neat colored dot, black, blue, pink or red—60c.

Wash Silks

White Jap Silk, excellent qualities—24 inch 40c; 27 inch 50c; 36 inch 75c, \$1 and \$1.25.

Natural Shantung Silk</

The News Review

Daily Except Sunday.

BRUSH BROS. PROPS.

LOUIS H. BRUSH, Publisher.

The News Review, Daily.

Established 1884. By mail, one year, \$1.50; three months, 75c; by carrier, 35c. ten cents per week.

Official Paper
of the City of East Liverpool and Columbiana County.

Office 196 Washington Street.

Bell Telephone.

Business Office No. 122

Editorial Room No. 122

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CHARLES S. PATTESON,

Manager, S. Foreign Advertising.

NEW YORK OFFICE—528 Temple Court.

CHICAGO OFFICE—1806 Tribune Bldg.

CIRCULATION STATEMENT.

The guaranteed net paid circulation of the Evening News Review and Crisis, excluding copies sent to advertisers and exchanges, returns and spoiled, for the month of April, 1904, was 1,240.

Average for month 1,202.

The following are the figures for the month:

April 1	3,900
April 2	4,248
April 3	SUNDAY
April 4	4,273
April 5	4,302
April 6	4,308
April 7	4,337
April 8	4,310
April 9	4,025
April 10	SUNDAY
April 11	5,031
April 12	5,011
April 13	5,024
April 14	5,005
April 15	4,986
April 16	4,994
April 17	SUNDAY
April 18	5,010
April 19	5,002
April 20	5,000
April 21	5,004
April 22	5,010
April 23	5,001
April 24	SUNDAY
April 25	5,006
April 26	5,015
April 27	5,011
April 28	5,010
April 29	5,002
April 30	5,047
April 31	SUNDAY

TOTAL 124,857

Columbiana County, State of Ohio. I, William L. Bettis, manager of circulation, swear that the above statement is true.

WILLIAM L. BETTIS,
Sworn to and subscribed in my presence this 2d day of May, 1904.

J. S. HILBERT,
Notary Public.

Constipation

Headache, biliousness, heartburn, indigestion, and all liver ills are cured by

Hood's Pills

Sold by all druggists. 25 cents.

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ter with the one David B. Hill is driving? He has the art of keeping dark horses down fine.

If the road congress, which meets at St. Louis next week, wants some photographs of horrible examples of what roads should not be, Columbian county could furnish an abundance.

The Ohio supreme court has decided that the husband ought to be the head of the family. A lot of fellows know, however, that he isn't.

Scientists are telling the people that they eat too much, but the produce dealers are doing their best to discourage the habit.

"Whither are we drifting?" asks a vociferous Democrat. If he refers to his party the answer is, Straight to the shores of Nowhere.

The true Republican spirit is revealed in every line of the convention platform adopted at Canton yesterday.

A boom has been launched for Hitt, of Illinois, for vice president, and it may prove a lucky strike.

"Money is a good thing," says Rockefeller. Only when it is honestly earned, John.

Each Republican convention that is held lengthens the Roosevelt column.

Democratic disgust as regards Bryan is deepening daily.

OBITUARY

Frank Rogers.

Frank Rogers, of Salineville, died yesterday in Cleveland, where he had been taken to be treated for dropsy. He was a native of Scotland, but spent most of his life in this country. He had been identified with the business interests of Salineville for 40 years. He helped to build the C. & P. railroad and was station master at that town for many years. He leaves a comfortable fortune. Mr. Rogers was a Mason and a prominent member of the M. E. church. He is survived by two sons and two daughters and his aged wife, Mrs. E. W. Hill, of this city, is a daughter.

The funeral will take place Saturday at 1 p. m., from the home in Salineville, Rev. S. A. Perego officiating. The Masonic lodge will also conduct services.

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The Democrats are now talking about a dark horse. What is the mat-

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AND COUNTY TICKET.

For Congress—James Kennedy.
For Judge of Circuit Court—Peter A. Lambie.

For Clerk—Pless Judge—W. W. Hole.

For Auditor—Galen A. Sheets.

For Commissioner—Eden Reeder.

For Infirmary Director—George W. Armstrong.

W. Aubrey Thomas, of Niles, has been nominated for congress by the Republicans to succeed Gen. Charles Dick, elevated to the senate. The nomination concludes one of the most strenuous political contests ever fought in the Nineteenth Ohio district long famous as a political battle ground. Fortunately the battle was a fair and square one, everybody is satisfied with the result, and no bitterness left behind. Mr. Thomas is a young man of ability and a business man of prominence and will add strength to the Ohio delegation in congress, his election being a certainty.

The street cleaners of New York find their occupation dangerous. It is said fully one-third of them have tuberculosis, and no man who follows the work can live over five years. This shows how deadly street dust is an dirt are, and how necessary that such a menace to the public health should be removed as promptly and completely as possible.

St. Louis hotel keepers deny that they have formed a combination to boost prices for accommodations. They would be working, not only against the success of the fair, but against their own interests by so doing.

Steubenville is dissatisfied with the estimate made by the census department regarding her population. It's a wonder, considering the numerous crimes and accidents there, that that town continues to grow at all.

An exchange remarks that the Japs are dissipating the notion that men must be white in order to shoot straight. If that idea ever prevailed, the American Indian certainly disproved it.

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THERE IS NO SUBSTITUTE FOR
ROYAL

BAKING
POWDER
Absolutely Pure
IT IS A MATTER OF HEALTH

WELLSVILLE AND VICINITY

**GIVES HIS REASON
FOR VOTING "NAY"**

Councilman Is Dissatisfied With Levy
That Has Been Granted the
Board of Service.

Councilman James Bissett, of the Fourth ward, has evidently an ax to grind with the board of service. He has not given a reason, but has said he does not agree at all with the board.

oil wanting to adjourn.

The expense fund of Supt. Ewing, of the water fund, has been drained for a week, and it is not likely he can have any money for a few weeks. The department proposes to lay a new main in the West End next week and it is probable funds from some source will be obtained for this purpose. Councilman O'Grady has suggested that councilmen do not think of the salary in the office, but meet for love.

LONG TERM TO RUN

Contract of United Power Company to Light Streets Does Not Expire Until Next November.

It is evident Councilman Blackburn was misinformed when he said the contract with the United Power company, for lighting the Wellsville streets, expires about July. According to the contract now in the possession of the Power company, the time is not out until November next.

However, the board of service has delayed in advertising for bids for lighting the streets, and will not do this until the fall, probably. The board contends there is no haste for this, and that ample time remains to have all bids necessary in the hands of the board before the present contract expires.

AN ACCUSED CLERK

Agrees to Work Out the Amount of His Alleged Embezzlement.

"That is all right. I'll just stay here and work for you and pay this little debt off and we will be square."

This was spoken by an employee of Grocer R. H. Everson when the latter accused him of taking \$25 which he had collected during the past few weeks. He was released from service.

Mr. Everson went to the mayor's office yesterday afternoon and told of the action of his employee to Chief Houser. The young man was taken before Everson and then said what he would do, not denying that his collections were wrong.

Finally a brother of the chap gave Mr. Everson a note for the amount claimed due and until the note is paid Everson says the charge of embezzlement will stand.

Hamilton Store to Be Sold.

Heirs of the late T. T. Hamilton, who died July 4 last, have arranged to purchase the old homestead and drug store at Fourteenth and Main streets.

The deed will probably be closed this evening. The store has not been opened since the death of Mr. Hamilton. It contains a large stock. The personal property was in charge of Mrs. Hamilton who was appointed administratrix. She had nothing to do with the realty. Possession is to be given the heirs not later than June 1.

The heirs are George Hamilton, Jenkins Hamilton, May Hamilton and Mrs. Mary Grafton. The drug store may be opened by George Hamilton.

One Slight Change.

Only one change is made in the new Cleveland & Pittsburgh passenger schedule which becomes operative Sunday next, which will continue un-

til the winter schedule is out in November. The change refers to the arrival of train No. 344, which leaves Bellaire for Wellsville in the evening at 6:05 o'clock, and arrives in Wellsville at 8 o'clock, Wellsville time. This is known as the "growler," and under the new schedule it arrives five minutes earlier than in the past. This train ends its run at Wellsville.

Sued for Divorce.

"I suppose she wants to marry some other man, and to tell the truth I don't care what she does," said Richard Irwin Schugert when he was served with a divorce summons by Constable Thorne today. Schugert is a laborer at the water works. His wife is now residing at St. Louis, and has started divorce proceedings against her husband in the Missouri courts. Schugert will not likely contest the case, as he has no intention of going to St. Louis.

New Boilers Arrive.

Boilers which will be installed in the new water works pumping station arrived in Wellsville yesterday. So did the window and door frames. All the earth filling has been completed about the foundations for the boilers and all is in readiness for the brick work. The well hole is now being plastered with cement. The large traveling crane which will be used in the building has arrived and will be placed in the building as soon as possible.

Church Anniversary.

At Washington, Pa., Sunday next will occur the fortieth anniversary of the Second Presbyterian church of that city. A historic sermon will be preached then by Rev. J. H. Snowden, who has been pastor of the church for 18 years. He is a brother of Postmaster Snowden, of Wellsville.

Fined for Taking Money.

George Benford, said to be employed in a bowling alley in East Liverpool, was charged before Mayor Fogel with taking \$4.15 from Charles Gallagher, restaurant keeper in Wellsville. He was fined \$2 and costs for petty larceny, and ordered to refund the money he is alleged to have taken. He did so.

O'Grady Is Praised.

Councilman O'Grady was one of the three speakers at the Knights of Columbus banquet at Dennison last Sunday, and his friends claim that he made a new name for himself for his address. Other speakers were Thomas J. Duffy, of East Liverpool, and P. A. Gavin, of Toronto.

Conductor Is Injured.

Conductor William Stewart, of the United Power company, was thrown from his car as it was making a turn on Clark avenue yesterday and injured so that he is unable to be on his car. He was thrown to the pavement by the jerk of the car and struck on his shoulder. No bones were broken.

Injured While at Work.

W. W. Shepherd, employed on the C. & P. wreck train, had his left arm mashed while the train crew was work-

TEACHERS' VACATIONS

Ideal Facilities, With Every Home Comfort, for Both Teachers and Students, at the World's Fair.

School teachers and scholars who are desirous of utilizing, to the full, the educational benefits to be derived from the World's Fair of St. Louis, cannot do better than make their headquarters at the Inside Inn.

Situated, as it is, right inside the grounds, in the midst of a magnificent forest of giant oaks, and being fully equipped with every possible modern convenience, it forms an ideal place in which to sojourn.

The time, money and annoyance saved by doing away with all tiresome journeys in crowded street cars and suburban trains to and from the grounds each day, cannot be overestimated.

The rooms, 2,257 in number, are large and light, and many of them have private baths attached. The rates range from \$1.50 to \$5.50 per day on the European plan and from \$3.00 to \$7.00 per day on the American plan. Reservations can be made up to December 1, and an interesting booklet, giving full details, may be obtained by addressing a postal to the Inside Inn, World's Fair Grounds, St. Louis.

We write Fire Insurance.
We write Life Insurance.
We write Accident Insurance.
We write Cyclone Insurance
We write Liability Insurance.

We will send you to Europe and bring your friends over.

Real Estate in all parts of the city. We still have 3 five-acre garden farms left at \$750.00 each.

Geo. H. Owen & Co.

Real Estate & Insurance.
 First National Bank Building, East Liverpool, Ohio.

ing on the new bridge work at Smith's Ferry this morning. He was brought to Wellsville on a special engine and attended by Dr. Noble. He is single and resides in the West End.

WELLSVILLE IN BRIEF.

J. L. Porter and son, of the West End, were in Midway, Pa., today visiting relatives.

Jenkins Hamilton, who has been in Parkersburg, W. Va., for several days on business, has returned home.

The wreck train and crew was out today working on improvements at the C. & P. bridges at Smith's Ferry and Rochester.

Rev. Mr. Lowery, of Wooster University, well known in Wellsville, is spending a few days in the city visiting friends and looking after some business connected with the university.

For shooting crap William Haskins was arrested last night and hauled to jail in the patrol. He will be given a hearing later in the week.

Michael O'Rourke was a common drunk that was given a ride in the patrol. He is resting in jail and will be asked to tell his troubles this evening.

TO THE CIRCUIT COURT

Two Cases Are Taken Arising from Disputed Court Journal Entries.

Lisbon, May 12.—(Special)—Arguments as to a journal entry in the case of Paul Metzger, of Salem, vs. Ellis Roberts, of East Palestine, were heard by Judge Hole last evening. In this case the lease of a shop in Salem for five years at \$1,200 a year is concerned, the lease having been given up a short time after it became effective. The plaintiff wanted the entry to be simply a finding for the defendant, and the defendant wanted to decree a cancellation of the lease. Judge Hole decided the matter in accordance with the plaintiff's contention and the plaintiff's attorneys, W. H. Spence and A. W. Taylor, today filed the case in circuit court. C. P. Rothwell and L. T. Farr are the plaintiff's attorneys.

A question as to a common pleas journal entry in the case of W. G. Bentley, administrator, vs. Wm. J. Street et al., will also be taken to circuit court.

RED MEN RETURN

Report That the Grand Lodge Meeting Was Most Enjoyable And Profitable.

Charles Reark, Frank Withrow and John Stamm, delegates from the local lodge of Red Men to the grand lodge meeting at Mansfield, returned this morning. They will have an interesting report to make to their lodge.

The delegates were very nicely entertained and had entire possession of the city. The grand lodge sessions were very highly interesting and the reports for the year showed that the Red Men lead all other secret societies as to gain in membership.

All the Bargains Were Gone.

An American of hitherto undoubted veracity tells this story of a restaurant in Berlin to which he and a friend went one evening: The fare and the music were so good and the people about them so amusing that they lingered on and on. When at last they rose to go the American's hat was not to be found.

"What sort of hat was it, mein Herr?" inquired the stolid person in charge.

"It was a new top hat," said the American briskly.

"Ach, but, mein Herr, all the new hats have been gone for half an hour!" said the German placidly.

Japan's Camphor Trees.

The camphor tree of China and Japan is a large evergreen, not unlike a linden, with a white flower and red berry. The gum is taken from chips out of the root or base, which yield 5 per cent or more of it. The Japanese government owns large forests of camphor trees, able to keep up the average supply of the gum for twenty-five years, and the young plantations are growing up. These are under the Japanese forestry department.

FOR SALE—Saloon on Mulberry street; location within the law; doing good business; fixtures the finest in the city; stock of liquors, cigars and five years' lease. Cheap for cash. E. D. Agent, Review office.

FOR SALE—Two lots in Calhoun addition to East End and one lot on Pleasant Heights at a bargain, cash or time. Smith & Phillips Music Co.

FOR SALE—One bedroom suite, one fine carpet, one chifforobe, one cupboard, one go-cart, one table, 114 Railroad street, East End.

WANTED—A girl for general housework; good wages. Apply to W. L. Thompson, Park boulevard, North Side.

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WANTED—An experienced girl for general housework; no house cleaning. Apply to Mrs. J. K. Rush, 308 Thompson avenue.

WANTED—A position as bookkeeper or clerk; have a common school education; also graduated in bookkeeping from Commercial School, Rochester, N. Y.; can give best of references. Address Miss Ida Ridenour, Eighteenth street, second house below Clark avenue, Wellsville.

AMUSEMENTS.

ROCK SPRINGS,

MONDAY, TUESDAY AND WEDNESDAY EVENING,

May 16, 17 and 18.

THE ORIENTAL OPERA

EGYPTA

The Wondrous Story of the Nile. Several Hundreds Participating. Brilliant Soloists. Superb Chorus. Bewildering Drills. Oriental Costumes.

Note: The magnificent special scenery was painted especially for Egypta by the famous artist of New York City. Many famous historical localities are depicted. The electrical effects are of surpassing grandeur.

Prices 25, 50 and 75 Cents.

Reserved seats open Friday morning, May 13.

The Days of Pewter.

Pewter played an important domestic part in the days of our distant ancestors. A peep at some of the household books of the Stuart days is quite a revelation on this point. In 1664, for instance, Sir Miles Stapleton, a Yorkshire baronet, took it into his head to replenish his stock of pewter, and here are a few of his many purchases as recorded in his own handwriting: "It, paid for six large puter platters or dishes at 1s. 7d. a pound, and they weighed 57 pound and a half, which comes to £04.01.05; paid for two dozen of puter plates at 1s. 6d. a pound and they weighed 37 pound, £02.15.60; paid them more for two puter stands for the table, £00.08.00; one gallon puter can and six porringer £00.10.00; paid to William Hutchinson of Yorke, for 17 new puter dishes for the table weighing 74 pound at 12d. a pound £03.14.00." And among other purchases at the same time are two dozen new pewter plates for 32 shillings, another two dozen at 15 shillings a dozen, and a large quantity of spoons, basins and candlesticks.—Westminster Gazette.

WELLSVILLE IN BRIEF.

J. L. Porter and son, of the West End, were in Midway, Pa., today visiting relatives.

Jenkins Hamilton, who has been in Parkersburg, W. Va., for several days on business, has returned home.

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THERE IS NO SUBSTITUTE FOR

ROYAL



BAKING POWDER

Absolutely Pure

IT IS A MATTER OF HEALTH

WELLSVILLE AND VICINITY

GIVES HIS REASON FOR VOTING "NAY"

Councilman Is Dissatisfied With Levy That Has Been Granted the Board of Service.

Councilman James Bissell, of the Fourth ward, has evidently an ax to grind with the board of service. He has not given reason, but has said he does not agree at all with the board.

LONG TERM TO RUN

Contract of United Power Company to Light Streets Does Not Exire Until Next November.

It is evident Councilman Blackburn was misinformed when he said the contract with the United Power company, for lighting the Wellsville streets, expires about July. According to the contract now in the possession of the Power company, the time is not up until November next.

However, the board of service has delayed in advertising for bids for lighting the streets, and will not do this until the fall, probably. The board contends there is no haste for this, and that ample time remains to have all bids necessary in the hands of the board before the present contract expires.

AN ACCUSED CLERK

Agrees to Work Out the Amount of His Alleged Embezzlement.

"That is all right. I'll just stay here and work for you and pay this little debt off and we will be square."

This was spoken by an employee of Grocer R. H. Everson when the latter accused him of taking \$25 which he had collected during the past few weeks. He was released from service.

Mr. Everson went to the mayor's office yesterday afternoon and told of the action of his employee to Chief Houser. The young man was taken before Everson and then said what he would not, denying that his collections were wrong.

Finally a brother of the chap gave Mr. Everson a note for the amount claimed due and until the note is paid Everson says the charge of embezzlement will stand.

Hamilton Store to Be Sold.

Heirs of the late T. T. Hamilton, who died July 4 last, have arranged to purchase the old homestead and drug store at Fourteenth and Main streets. The deal will probably be closed this evening. The store has not been opened since the death of Mr. Hamilton. It contains a large stock. The personal property was in charge of Mrs. Hamilton, who was appointed administratrix. She had nothing to do with the realty. Possession is to be given the heirs not later than June 1. The heirs are George Hamilton, Jenkins Hamilton, May Hamilton and Mrs. Mary Grafton. The drug store may be opened by George Hamilton.

One Slight Change.

Only one change is made in the new Cleveland & Pittsburgh passenger schedule which becomes operative Sunday next, which will continue un-

till the winter schedule is out in November. The change refers to the arrival of train No. 344, which leaves Bellaire for Wellsville in the evening at 6:05 o'clock, and arrives in Wellsville at 8 o'clock, Wellsville time. This is known as the "growler," and under the new schedule it arrives five minutes earlier than in the past. This train ends its run at Wellsville.

Sued for Divorce.

"I suppose she wants to marry some other man, and to tell the truth I don't care what she does," said Richard Irwin Schugert when he as served with a divorce summons by Constable Thorne today. Schugert is a laborer at the water works. His wife is now residing at St. Louis, and has started divorce proceedings against her husband in the Missouri courts. Schugert will not likely contest the case, as he has no intention of going to St. Louis.

New Boilers Arrive.

Boilers which will be installed in the new water works pumping station arrived in Wellsville yesterday. So did the window and door frames. All the earth filling has been completed about the foundations for the boilers and all is in readiness for the brick work. The well hole is now being plastered with cement. The large traveling crane which will be used in the building has arrived and will be placed in the building as soon as possible.

Church Anniversary.

At Washington, Pa., Sunday next will occur the fortieth anniversary of the Second Presbyterian church of that city. A historic sermon will be preached then by Rev. J. H. Snowden, who has been pastor of the church for 18 years. He is a brother of Postmaster Snowden, of Wellsville.

Fined for Taking Money.

George Benford, said to be employed in a bowling alley in East Liverpool, was charged before Mayor Fogo with taking \$4.15 from Charles Gallagher, restaurant keeper in Wellsville. He was fined \$2 and costs for petty larceny, and ordered to refund the money he is alleged to have taken. He did so.

O'Grady Is Praised.

Councilman O'Grady was one of the three speakers at the Knights of Columbus banquet at Dennison last Sunday, and his friends claim that he made a new name for himself for his address. Other speakers were Thomas J. Duffy, of East Liverpool, and P. A. Gavin, of Toronto.

Conductor Is Injured.

Conductor William Stewart, of the United Power company, was thrown from his car as it was making a turn on Clark avenue yesterday and injured so that he is unable to be on his car. He was thrown to the pavement by the jerk of the car and struck on his shoulder. No bones were broken.

Injured While at Work.

W. W. Shepherd, employed on the C. & P. wreck train, had his left arm mashed while the train crew was working.

TEACHERS' VACATIONS

ideal facilities, with every home comfort, for both teachers and students, at the World's Fair.

School teachers and scholars who are desirous of utilizing, to the full, the educational benefits to be derived from the World's Fair of St. Louis, cannot do better than make their headquarters at the Inside Inn.

Situated, as it is, right inside the grounds, in the midst of a magnificent forest of giant oaks, and being fully equipped with every possible modern convenience, it forms an ideal place in which to sojourn.

The time, money and annoyance saved by doing away with all tiresome journeys in crowded street cars and suburban trains to and from the grounds each day, cannot be overestimated.

The rooms, 2,257 in number, are large and light, and many of them have private baths attached. The rates range from \$1.50 to \$5.50 per day on the European plan and from \$3.00 to \$7.00 per day on the American plan.

Reservations can be made up to December 1, and an interesting booklet, giving full details, may be obtained by addressing a postal to the Inside Inn, World's Fair Grounds, St. Louis.

We write Fire Insurance.
We write Life Insurance.
We write Accident Insurance.
We write Cyclone Insurance.
We write Liability Insurance.

We will send you to Europe and bring your friends over.

Real Estate in all parts of the city. We still have 3 five-acre garden farms left at \$750.00 each.

Geo. H. Owen & Co.

Real Estate & Insurance.

First National Bank Building, East Liverpool, Ohio.

ing on the new bridge work at Smith's Ferry this morning. He was brought to Wellsville on a special engine and attended by Dr. Noble. He is single and resides in the West End.

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TO THE CIRCUIT COURT

Two Cases Are Taken Arising from Disputed Court Journal Entries.

Lisbon, May 12.—(Special)—Arguments to a journal entry in the case of Paul Metzger, of Salem, vs. Ellis Roberts, of East Palestine, were heard by Judge Hole last evening. In this case the lease of a shop in Salem for five years at \$1,200 a year is concerned, the lease having been given up a short time after it became effective. The plaintiff wanted the entry to be simply a finding for the defendant, and the defendant wanted to decree a cancellation of the lease. Judge Hole decided the matter in accordance with the plaintiff's contention and the plaintiff's attorneys, W. H. Spence and A. W. Taylor, today filed the case in circuit court. C. P. Rothwell and L. T. Farr are the plaintiff's attorneys.

A question as to a common pleas journal entry in the case of W. G. Bentley, administrator, vs. Wm. J. Street et al, will also be taken to circuit court.

RED MEN RETURN

Report That the Grand Lodge Meeting Was Most Enjoyable And Profitable.

Charles Reark, Frank Witherow and John Stamm, delegates from the local lodge of Red Men to the grand lodge meeting at Mansfield, returned this morning. They will have an interesting report to make to their lodge.

The delegates were very nicely entertained and had entire possession of the city. The grand lodge sessions were very highly interesting and the reports for the year showed that the Red Men lead all other secret societies as to gain in membership.

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CONSUMPTION

has cured thousands. Never fails.

B. F. Jackson & Co., Indianapolis, Ind.

TOO LATE TO CLASSIFY

FOR RENT—Furnished front room with privilege of bath in private family. Inquire at 170 Washington street.

113-r

WANTED—A girl for general housework; good wages. Apply to W. L. Thompson, Park boulevard, Noria Side.

113-r

FOR SALE—Saloon on Mulberry street; location within the law; doing good business; fixtures the finest in the city; stock of liquors, cigars and five years' lease. Cheap ton cash. A. B. Miller, Review office.

113-r

FOR SALE—Two lots in Calhoun addition to East End and one lot on Pleasant Heights at a bargain, cash or time. Smith & Phillips Music Co.

113-r

FOR RENT—House of five rooms and kitchen in good condition; water and gas; stable in rear. Inquire of Mrs. Bert Kaufman, 228 Avondale.

113-r

FOR SALE—One bedroom suite, one fine carpet, one chifferon, one cupboard, one go-cart, one table. 114 Railroad street, East End.

113-r

WANTED—An experienced girl for general housework; no house cleaning. Apply to Mrs. J. K. Rush, 398 Thompson avenue.

113-r

WANTED—A position as bookkeeper or clerk; have a common school education; also graduated in bookkeeping from Commercial School, Rochester, N. Y.; can give best of references. Address Miss Ida Ridener, Eighteenth street, second house below Clark avenue, Wellsville.

113-r

AMUSEMENTS.

ROCK SPRINGS,
MONDAY, TUESDAY AND WEDNESDAY EVENING,
May 16, 17 and 18.

THE ORIENTAL OPERA
EGYPTA

The Wondrous Story of the Nile. Several Hundreds Participating. Brilliant Solists. Super Chorus. Bewildering Drills. Oriental Costumes.

Note: The magnificent special scenery was painted especially for Egypta by the leading scenic artists of New York City. Many famous and special localities are depicted. The electrical effects are surpassing grandeur.

Prices 25, 50 and 75 Cents.
Reserved seats open Friday morning, May 15.

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OUR MONUMENTS

and headstones are always better and cheaper than others, but at this season cost less than ever, because we pay less for labor during the winter months.

Our factory is equipped with the best improved machinery, while most dealers work by hand. We use only fine granite money can buy. It is price and quality now for Spring or Summer delivery. Write for our illustrated booklet of monuments—free if you send us this paper.

DUNNING MARBLE & GRANITE CO., PITTSBURG, PA.

REALM OF SPORTS

LARRY MALEY HAS JOINED THE LOCALS

Popular Young Players Will Be In the Game With the Wire Workers.

FAULK TO PITCH OPENER

Negley Twirler Has Shown Speed and Good Control and Manager Rearn Will Pitch Him Friday—Winters to Work in Second Game.

Everything is breaking right for the East Liverpool team and if Tommy Davis will kindly round into shape there will not be a cloud in the base ball sky. Manager Rearn has been lucky in picking out his players and seems to have two fast ones in Bennett, the outer gardener, and Faulk, the new twirler. Bennett is hitting the ball hard and his batting will prove a great help in winning games. Faulk, the Negley slabman, has shown that he has speed and command and he will be given the first try against the Allegheny wire workers Friday. Winters having been reserved for Saturday's game. It is reported that the wire workers have a faster bunch than Leetsdale, so a close game can be expected. Play on Friday will be called at 4 o'clock.

Larry Maley will make his first appearance with the locals here in these games. His arm is getting well and while it is not yet strong enough for him to work on the rubber, it will not bother him in middle field. There is no more popular ball player with the local fans and his return to the team is pleasing to all. Last season Larry proved himself a great outfielder and a heavy hitter and there is little doubt that he will make good with the stick again this year. He got a bad start last season but in the 14 games he played had a batting average of .357.

Following is the way the two teams will line up:

At Chicago— RHE

Philadelphia.....0 0 0 0 1 0 0 0 0 1 2 1

Chicago.....0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 4 0

Frazer, Duggeley, Roth and Dootin; Lundgren and Kling—1,000.

At Pittsburgh— RHE

Brooklyn.....0 0 1 0 0 2 0 1 0 4 10 2

Pittsburgh.....1 0 0 1 0 0 0 0 0 2 10 1

Jones and Bergen; Leever and Smith. Attendance, 3,380.

At St. Louis— RHE

St. Louis.....1 0 0 0 2 0 0 0 0 3 7 2

Boston.....0 1 0 1 0 0 0 0 0 2 9 4

Nicholas and Grady; Wilhelm and Moran. Attendance, 3,400.

At Cincinnati— RHE

New York.....0 0 4 0 2 1 1 3 8—14 18 1

Cincinnati.....2 4 0 1 0 0 2 0 2—10 12 3

Taylor and Warner; Ewing, Suthoff and Schiel. Attendance, 7,000.

American League Wednesday.

At Philadelphia— RHE

Philadelphia.....0 0 1 0 0 1 0 0 1 1—6 15 8

Chicago.....0 0 0 3 0 1 0 0 0 0 5 12 2

Waddell and Schreckengost; Patterson and McFarland—5,191.

At Washington— RHE

Washington.....1 0 2 3 1 0 0 0—7 11 0

St. Louis.....0 0 1 1 0 0 0 0 0 3 8 4

Patten and Kittridge; Howell, Morgan and Sugden. Attendance, 2,000.

At New York— RHE

New York.....2 0 0 1 0 1 0 0 4 8 1

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Detroit.....0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 5 2

Young and Criger; Killian and Wood. Attendance, 4,504.

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East Liverpool—Gibson, If; Bennett, rf; Mayle, m; Heckathorn, 1b; Davis, 3b; Webb, 2b; Jarvis, s; Emmerling, c; Faulk and Winters, p.

Wire Workers—Shuster, s; Cauley, c; Horn, If; Clause, 1b; Wharton, 2b; Mayers, 3b; Fisher, m; Donahue, rf; Brucker or Bleming, p; Forster, sub.

A delightful feel.

3 sizes—Adult's, Youth's, Child's—at all dealers. Always sold in the yellow box.

Imperial Bowling Alley

Your chance for an evening's pleasure. Full line of Tobacco and Cigars. The only place in the city to get healthful exercise.

202 Washington Street.

Have You Tried Anderson & Buchanan's Corn Meal and Imperial? For Sale By All Grocers. Call us up by Phone.

Everything Reasonable in the Grocery Line at Dawson's White Front Grocery

Davidson's Pure Food Grocery The Quality Store.

Sole agents for SPURS CELEBRATED BOSTON COFFEE.

We sell you the best that we can buy then you always come back.

170 Broadway

G. A. FERGUSON, FANCY GROCERIES.

Agent for Chase and Sanborn Coffee, Ko-We-Ba Canned Goods, Star Cakes, Quaker City Air Dried Beef.

Car. Broadway and Third St.

IT'S SURPRISING

People have exclaimed at it before they will continue to exclaim. Prices low, goods finest quality. It's not surprising they do exclaim. Choice line of good things to eat at all times.

M. Mackintosh, 320 6th St.

"Turns Back Time in Its Flight."

HAY'S KEEPS HAIR YOUNG

It secures positions by preserving youthful looks. No dye. Does not stain linen.

A clean & Soothing lotion.

5c. postage for

FREE trial bottle to PHILLY HAY, 229 Lafayette, N. J. Large 50c. bottle at druggists.

CHICHESTER'S ENGLISH PENNYROYAL PILLS

Original and Only General

Medicine for all Diseases.

CHICHESTER'S ENGLISH PENNYROYAL PILLS

SAFEST, EASIEST, CHEAPEST.

Dangerous Substitutions and Imitations.

Stamp for Particulars. Testimonials for Ladies, in letters, by re-

turn. Mail to C. T. Larkins, Chebucto Chemical Co., Boston, Mass.

Illustrated box—sealed. It gives

most Conveniences.

It Cleanse, Invigorates.

C. T. Larkins, Sixth and E. Market

Every Woman

is interested and should know

MARVEL DUSTING SPRAY

The new Sectional, Best Spray—Most Convenient.

It Cleanse, Invigorates.

Ask your druggist for it.

If he cannot supply the

Marvel—accept no

substitutes.

Illustrated box—sealed. It gives

most conveniences.

W. B. Miller, New York.

Times Bldg., New York.

Ball Team Will Meet.

Manager John Canne, of the Elks' base ball team, has called a meeting of the players for tonight, when preparation will be made to start the season. Negotiations are now on for a game here with the New Castle Elks, but they will try to get some practice before that event. The Elks would like game with the press team and it may be arranged. The players for this year will not be selected until after a few practice games have been played.

Yours, etc.,

R. C. PELL.

The above refers to the newly discovered Fulton Compounds, the first ones the world has ever seen for Bright's Disease and Diabetes. We are the sole agents. Ask for pamphlet. Will Reed, Grand Opera House Drug Store.

Pirates Won at Bowling.

The Pirates defeated the Ceramics in the two-men league four straight games. Williams had the highest score, 226, and the highest average, 199, the best in the league so far. Rose

Scored before you.

Ask your druggist for it.

If he cannot supply the

Marvel—accept no

substitutes.

Illustrated box—sealed. It gives

most conveniences.

W. B. Miller, Leech-

ton.

Times Bldg., New York.

Established 1864. Milo B. Stevens & Co.,

790 Fourteenth street, Washington.

Accidents

Sprains and Bruises
Burns and Scalds
Cuts and Wounds

Accidents happen every day. Why not be prepared? A household supplied with



Hamlin's
WIZARD
OIL

Need have no fear of the ordinary ailments and mishaps of life. Hamlin's Wizard Oil is a safeguard for children, parents, a boon to the old folks. It will pay to use it. An old-time, reliable family medicine always on hand in case of need.

John Smith, Starbuck, Minn., writes April 23, "I have been ill bed for four weeks with a sprain in my back and too heavy lifting. I have tried almost everything to cure it. Since what Hamlin's Wizard Oil had done for others, I tried a bottle and in two days I was able to work.

W. L. Steele, Santa Barbara, Cal., writes: My child fell from a high chair upon a hot stove and burned his face severely. It suffered intensely for three days, when it mended using Hamlin's Wizard Oil. The pain was relieved in twenty minutes and the burns healed in about five days.

There is only one Wizard Oil—Hamlin's—now blown in the bottle. Signature "Hamlin Bros." on wrapper. Take no substitute. 50c and \$1.00.

HAMLINS COUGH BALM
Soothes the Throat. Stops the Cough. 25c, 50c

Hamlin's Blood and Liver Pills
Act Gently and without Pain. 25c

AUNT DINAH'S OLD VIRGINIA HERB TEA
Gives Woman Health and Strength. 25c

For Sale and Recommended by

ALVIN H. BULGER.

PENN STOCK EXCHANGE
Potters' National Bank Building.
STOCKS BONDS & GRAIN
Markets Received Momentarily.
Over Private Wire
Telephone, Bell 36.

B. WOLK,
Dealer in
Scrap Iron, Rags, Rubber and Old
Metals. Pay highest prices and give
straight weight.

**123 Eighth St.,
EAST LIVERPOOL, OHIO.**

Dr. C. W. Baker,
Physician and Surgeon,

Office and residence 181 Fifth St., in
Capt. Myers' Residence. Office Hours,
9 to 10 a. m., 1 to 3 and 7 to 8 p. m.

Our Motto: 16 oz. to the Pound

You get just what you want at the
right price when you buy from us. We
are headquarters for home-dressed
Beef, Pork, Veal, Mutton and Lamb.

Try Our FAMOUS Lard & Sausage

Edward Palmer,
179 Avondale
Street.
C. C. Phone
617-2

F. W. Schlegel

The old reliable fishman
has reopened his

FISH MARKET,
at the same old stand, 165
Market Street.

FRESH FISH DAILY.
Joe Boyd, Manager.

C. C. Phone 231.

COMING OR GOING

STOP AT

DEVINE'S

RESTAURANT

WEST SIDE C. & P. DEPOT.

139-141 SECOND STREET.

D. A. DEVINE, Prop.

We are ready to do your work,
Painting & Paper Hanging

The most complete line of
Wall Papers, Paints and
Moldings at most reasonable
prices. Call and see
them before going else-
where.

A. DINERSTEIN,

No. 129 Seventh St.

C. C. Phone 104

BEN TRAVATA

THE GENTLEMAN'S FRIEND
ASK YOUR DRUGGIST

SIX MINERS KILLED

Fifty Kegs of Powder Explode
in Mine With Terri-
ble Results.

MAY BE OTHERS IN THE DEBRIS

Terrible Accident in Shaft of Big
Sandy Coal Company at Herron, Ill.

—Mine Badly Wrecked—Cause of

Explosion Is Unknown.

Murphysboro, Ill., May 12.—Six
men killed and a large number
burned are the known results of an
explosion of powder in shaft No. 7 of
the Big Sandy Coal and Iron Mine
company at Herron, 20 miles from
Murphyboro.

About 325 men were at work in the
mine. A car containing 50 kegs of
powder exploded. The cause of the
explosion is not known.

The mine was badly wrecked, making
the rescue work difficult. Thirty
mine mules were killed. Luckily the
majority of the miners were working
in other parts of the shaft when the
explosion occurred and were uninjured.
They were thus able to assist
with the rescue work.

It is not known how many men
were working in the vicinity of the
explosion. It is believed that several
are dead and covered with wreckage.
It is also feared that some of the
wounded may be shut off from the
rescuers and may die before being
reached.

SOUTH FOR THE FLAG.

Dixie Delegate Makes Patriotic Speech
to Northern Methodists.

Paris, May 12.—United States Consul
General Gowdy recently received a
letter from an American girl saying
that she was locked up in a provincial
jail without any charge having
been made against her. The consul
sent a representative to the jail and
secured the girl's release and return
to Paris. He then cabled to her parents,
residing at Decatur, Ga., requesting funds
for her return to America.

The reading and debating of the
various sections governing the manner
of transacting business on the
floor of the conference and the refer-
ence of motions and resolutions to
committees took up the time of the
conference until recess, at which time
the report was left unfinished. There
were many sharp passages at arms
between the parliamentary experts,
which somewhat enlivened an otherwise
dull and featureless session.

After recess the duty of receiving
and welcoming fraternal delegates
was taken up, and long addresses
were made by the Rev. William Doon,
fraternal delegate from Canada, and
the Rev. J. C. Kilgore of the Meth-
odist Episcopal Church South. Dr.
Kilgore aroused the enthusiasm of the
delegates to a degree not before
reached in the general conference by
his eloquent peroration, in which he
asserted that no one could love the
stars and stripes more than the people
of the south. At the conclusion of
his address the entire audience
arose at the request of Bishop An-
drews and sang "America."

SHAW CALLS FOR MONEY.

Depository Banks Required to Pay
Over \$10,000,000.

Washington, May 12.—Secretary
Shaw has ordered a third call on the
depository banks directing them to
transfer to the treasury on or before
May 25 approximately \$10,000,000.

The call is for 10 per cent of the
authorized balances of the depository
banks as they stood before the two
previous calls. With a few exceptions
the call is made on all banks
whose authorized balance before the
previous call was \$150,000 or more.
Banks having active accounts, whose
balances have been reduced by previous
calls to a point as low as the
convenience of the treasury in trans-
acting public business will permit, are
exempted from the operation of the
call.

KING PETER WILL STICK.

Ruler of Servia Denies Any Intention
of Abdicating.

Vienna, May 12.—Rumors circu-
lated of the intention of King Peter
of Servia to abdicate have drawn an
emphatic contradiction from King Peter
himself.

He considers it his duty to remain
at his post so long as God preserves
his life, and says he has no intention
of altering or suspending the
constitution, or of dismissing the present
ministry. The king adds that such
unparliamentary and unpatriotic pro-
ceedings would injure the development
of Servia at a moment when the
country is beginning to consolidate.

What is Foley's Kidney Cure?

Answer: It is made from a pre-
scription of a leading Chicago physi-
cian, and one of the most eminent in
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purest that money can buy, and are
scientifically combined to get their
utmost value.

Sold by Will Reed.

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struck in sympathy with 800 book-
binders, to compel the Chicago Typo-
thet to sign a blanket "closed shop"
agreement. A spread of the strike in
other shops is expected.

Liliuokalani III at St. Louis.

St. Louis, May 12.—Queen Liliuokalani,
former sovereign of the Hawaiian
islands, is ill at her apartments at the
world's fair. Her illness is such that
her party will leave Saturday for
Honolulu.

Karo CORN SYRUP

Better than honey for less
money. Nutritious as well
as delicious. At grocers,
10c, 25c, and 50c tins.

CORN PRODUCTS CO.,
New York and Chicago.

Don't neglect reading the WANT COLUMN

WANT COLUMN

Ask your druggist

Want to rent or buy

Want to sell

Want to buy

Want to sell

Accidents

Sprains and Bruises
Burns and Scalds
Cuts and Wounds

Accidents happen every day. Why not be prepared? A household supplied with

**SIX MINERS KILLED**

Fifty Kegs of Powder Explode in Mine With Terrible Results.

MAY BE OTHERS IN THE DEBRIS

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The girl related a sensational story. She claimed to have been abducted by an American seeking to marry her and said she accompanied him on an automobile tour, was locked up in a room in a country hotel, escaped and attempted to walk across the country, but was arrested as a wanderer by the French authorities.

Inquiries made by Mr. Gowdy's representative established the correctness of her detention at the provincial jail, but the story of her abduction was not verified, except by her statement, which has been reduced to an affidavit before the consul. The names of the parties are withheld, as no legal steps have been taken against the alleged abductor and owing to the doubtful character of some of the accusations. Pending the arrival of funds the girl is being cared for by the American Young Women's Christian association.

Atlanta, Ga., May 12.—The young woman referred to in the dispatch from Paris is Miss Bell Crane of Decatur, Ga., who went to London about a year ago to give concert readings. Miss Crane was well known here. Her father is B. S. Crane, who holds a prominent position with the Virginia-Carolina Chemical company.

A little love, a little wealth, A little home for you and me.

Tis all I ask, except good health, Which comes from taking Rocky Mountain Tea. C. F. Craig.

"I lost courage and thought I would never regain my health."

"Three years of delicate health trying doctors' prescriptions and patent medicines" without benefit might well sap the courage of any woman. And yet Mrs. Bryant proved that the question of the cure of womanly disease is only a question of using the right remedy. A few doses of "Favorite Prescription" restored her courage and revived her hope, because she could see "a decided change from the fit." Three

months' use of the medicine restored her to perfect health.

Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription cures irregularity, dries weakening drains, heals inflammation and ulceration, and cures female weakness. Mrs. Sarah Bryant, President of Memphis Scientific Club, residing at 277 Atkins Ave., Memphis, Tenn., writes: "I suffered with delicate periods for three years, trying doctors' prescriptions and patent medicines, until I lost courage and thought I would never regain my health; but a few doses of your 'Favorite Prescription' made me change my mind. Could not sleep at night from the first, so I kept on taking it for three months faithfully and am now in perfect health."

Dr. Pierce's Medical Adviser, in paper covers, is sent free on receipt of 21 one-cent stamps to pay expense of mailing only. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

GIRL IN HARD LUCK.

Kidnapped in France and Then Imprisoned as Vagrant.

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HOPING FOR AN HEIR.

Interesting Announcement Concerning the Queen of Italy.

Rome, May 12.—The president of the house announced in the chamber of deputies that he had received an official letter from the prefect of the royal palace stating that Queen Helena expects to give birth to a child in September.

The deputies thereupon rose from their seats, applauded and charged the president to present the congratulations of the chamber to the king and queen. There is considerable interest in the announcement, and as their majesties have no son it is hoped their next child will be a boy.

What is Foley's Kidney Cure?

Answer: It is made from a prescription of a leading Chicago physician, and one of the most eminent in the country. The ingredients are the purest that money can buy, and are scientifically combined to get their utmost value.

Sold by Will Reed.

Sympathetic Strike in Chicago.

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In the Airship Business.

Columbus, O., May 12.—The Columbus Aeroplane company, backed by a number of the leading merchants of the city, incorporated to construct an airship upon lines designed by George Myers, a local mechanic. A working model has been successfully tried and it is expected to complete the airship within 10 days. It will be entered in the contest at the St. Louis fair.

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Seasonable Time to Become a Home Owner. Let us help you.

Our Eight Years of Experience Is Yours.

Bargains Is our strong card. You get the benefit of acquired skill when you deal with us.

We have exclusive sale of many properties in all parts of the city ranging from \$800.00 to \$10,000. And our general sale list is the largest in Eastern Ohio.

The City Is Dotted Over With Houses That We Have Built.

We are planning the building of many more. So if we can't suit you in size, style, location and price, see what we can do in the way building to your order.

We have vacant lots for sale at all prices and in all localities.

HILL,
Dealer in Real Estate
Sixth and Washington Sts.
Open Day and Evening.
Either Phone 176.

A Dependable Agency.
The advertising agency of W. S. Hill & Co., favorably known to the newspaper publishers throughout the country, have incorporated under the title of W. S. Hill company with a paid up capital of \$100,000, Pennsylvania charter, and are now located in larger and most complete offices, ninth floor of the Vandergrift building, 323 Fourth avenue, Pittsburgh. This agency is fully equipped with a competent corps of illustrators and business writers, which enables them to place at the disposal of their clients and new advertisers every assistance for the planning and development of intelligent and effective advertising. W. S. Hill company has justly earned the title of "A Dependable Agency."

NOTICE.
A cordial invitation is extended to all patriotic societies of the city to turn out and participate in the Memorial Day exercises May 30. In accepting the invitation notify the secretary of the general committee with the name of one mounted aid from each society.

F. W. TIMMONS,
Secretary.

The Review leads in circulation.

SOCIAL EVENTS

Egypta Patrons.

A large number of representative citizens have notified the Egypta committee that their names may be used as patrons for the opening performance of Egypta at Rock Springs theatre next Monday night. The first night of the opera promises to be quite an elaborate social affair. Many of the patrons will organize little opera parties of their friends. The stage carpenters are busily occupied in remodeling the stage equipment to accommodate the massive scenery used. Marvelous electrical illusions of water ripples, moving clouds, dancing fire flies, cascades, "pillars of fire," etc., will be used.

A pleasant class entertainment was given last evening by Miss Lucile Jones to her Sunday school class of young men of the First Presbyterian church. There was a large number present, and a musical program was given. The mandolin club of young ladies rendered several fine selections. Miss Helen Wellington also assisted in entertaining the guests by giving several readings. Miss Wellington is quite talented, and a graduate of the Boston School of Oratory.

May Dance at Lisbon.

Lisbon, May 12.—(Special)—The Young Men's Lyceum, of Lisbon, is preparing for the annual May dance, which will be held in the new post office building next Wednesday evening. The Ohio orchestra, of Youngstown, has been engaged.

Farewell Reception.

A surprise party and farewell reception was tendered Miss Allie Eardley on Tuesday evening by some 25 or more of her friends. Miss Eardley is taking her departure to St. Louis and her friends gave a memorable and pleasant farewell reception.

Hysell-McKee.

Miss Goldie E. Hysell and Charles A. McKee were married last evening by Justice J. N. Rose. Both the bride and groom are well known young people of this city.

Class to Be Entertained.

Miss Maud Baum's Sunday school class of the First M. E. church will be entertained tomorrow evening at the home of Miss Florence Dray in the East End.

What You Need for Constipation.
When troubled with constipation, what you need is a remedy that is sure to produce the desired effect. A remedy that is mild and gentle in its action. A remedy that leaves the bowels in a natural and healthy condition. A remedy that is easy and pleasant to take. Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets meet all of these requirements. Give them a trial and you will never wish to take another dose of pills. Use them as directed and they will cure chronic constipation. Price 25 cents. Every box is warranted for sale by Al-in-It Co.

ALUMNI ASSOCIATION MEMBERS AND GRADUATES OF EAST LIVERPOOL HIGH SCHOOL ARE REQUESTED TO MEET IN HIGH SCHOOL ROOMS AT 7:30 O'CLOCK THURSDAY EVENING, MAY 12.

113-h

A Revelation.
If you will make inquiry it will be a revelation to you how many succumb to kidney or bladder troubles in one form or another. If the patient is not beyond medical aid, Foley's Kidney Cure will cure. It never disappoints.

Sold by Will Reed.

Reduced Fares to Carthage, Mo., via Pennsylvania Lines.

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Will Move to the West.

Lisbon, May 12.—R. R. May, who has been employed in Arter's Pad factory for the last 12 years, left today for Kansas City, Mo., where he has accepted a position in a similar establishment and will move his family there soon.

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VARILLA DECORATED.

French Government Honors Man Who Engineered New Republic.

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AMERICAN LEADING.

Postponed Games in Chess Tournament Are Played Off.

Cambridge Springs, Pa., May 12.—The five games unfinished in the international chess tournament, were completed. The first games scheduled were those of Fox vs Janowski, Lasker vs. Barry, Pillsbury vs. Schlechter, and Delmar vs. Marco. Lasker and Barry, however, agreed to call their game a draw without making any additional moves. Fox beat Janowski after 65 moves, and Marco beat Delmar, the latter overstepping the time limit, after 50 moves. Pillsbury and Schlechter did not agree upon a draw until 146 moves had been made. The Showalter-Fox bout ended in a draw after 74 moves.

The results to date: Marshall, won 9, lost 1; Janowski, 8-2; Lasker 7½-2½; Marco, 6-4; Fox, 5½-4½; Teichmann, 5½-4½; Mieses, 5-5; Pillsbury, 5-5; Showalter, 5-5; Lawrence, 4-6; Schlechter, 4-6; Tschigorin, 1-6; Barry, 3-7; Hodges, 3-7; Napier, 3-7; Delmar, 2½-7½.

A Lesson in Health.

Healthy kidneys filter the impurities from the blood, and unless they do this good health is impossible.

Foley's Kidney Cure makes sound kidneys and will positively cure all forms of kidney and bladder disease. It strengthens the whole system.

Sold by Will Reed.

The Boston Store

Extensive Showings This Week.

of new wash waists, in Lawns, Linens, and Madras, priced from 50c to \$5.00. Wash Taffeta, Peau de Crepe, Crepe de Chine Silk Waists priced from \$2.50 to \$18 each. Wash Su's in Madras, Lawns and Linens, priced from \$3.00 to \$15.00 each. New Taffeta Silk Shirt Waist Suits, priced at \$10, \$12.50, \$15, \$18, \$20, \$22 and \$25 each. New Dressing Sacques in light and dark Lawns, priced at 50c, 75c, \$1, \$1.50 and \$2 each. Silk Kimonos in white, pink and blue, Wash Silks at \$5.00 and \$6.50 each. Paris Tea Gowns in white, pink and blue Silk, priced at \$18.00 and \$20.00 each. Visit our Cloak Department on Second Floor and pass your critical judgment on the arrivals in Ready-to-Wear Garments. You need not buy unless you want to.

The Boston Store

Accurate Prescription Work

A STARTLING SURPRISE FOR YOU

AT THE
EMPIRE SHOE STORE
A Rare Gift to Some One of Our Patrons.

BE ON THE WATCH
For its appearance in our SHOW WINDOW.

162 Sixth St.
Old House & Hodgson Stand.

Do not forget that Dr. Jackman Extra Teeth Positively Without Pain

by applying a harmless remedy to the gums, no loss of consciousness, positively no pain, and no sore and swollen gums afterward.

TEETH WITHOUT PLATES—Gold Crown and Bridge Work, nothing but honest work done and positively guaranteed, very latest methods of doing all work. CONSULTATION AT NO CHARGE. AMINATION FREE. Do not forget the place.

DR. L. C. JACKMAN, Dentist

Over Steinfeld & Viney's, Cor. 6th and D

BASE BALL AT WEST END PARK

Seasonable Time to Become a Home Owner. Let us help you.

Our Eight Years of Experience Is Yours.

Bargains Is our strong card. You get the benefit of acquired skill when you deal with us.

We have exclusive sale of many properties in all parts of the city ranging from \$800.00 to \$10,000. And our general sale list is the largest in Eastern Ohio.

The City is Dotted Over With Houses That We Have Built.

We are planning the building of many more. So if we can't suit you in size, style, location and price, see what we can do in the way building to your order.

We have vacant lots for sale at all prices and in all localities.

HILL,

Dealer in Real Estate

Sixth and Washington Sts.

Open Day and Evening.

Either Phone 176.

A Dependable Agency.
The advertising agency of W. S. Hill & Co., favorably known to the newspaper publishers throughout the country, have incorporated under the title of W. S. Hill company with a paid up capital of \$100,000, Pennsylvania charter, and are now located in larger and most complete offices, ninth floor of the Vandergrift building, 323 Fourth avenue, Pittsburgh. This agency is fully equipped with a competent corps of illustrators and business writers, which enables them to place at the disposal of their clients and new advertisers every assistance for the planning and development of intelligent and effective advertising. W. S. Hill company has justly earned the title of "A Dependable Agency."

NOTICE.
A cordial invitation is extended to all patriotic societies of the city to turn out and participate in the Memorial Day exercises May 30. In accepting the invitation notify the secretary of the general committee with the name of one mounted aid from each society.

F. W. TIMMONS,
Secretary.

The Review leads in circulation.

BARGAINS IN STORE FOR YOU

ASK US ABOUT THEM.

One and one quarter acre of ground adjoining the new Thompson park. A good 4 room house, with splendid well of water. Price \$2,300.

8 room brick house, modern in every way. Bath complete. Gas and water. Lot fronts on two streets. An ideal house within three minutes walk of the Diamond. One of the best properties in the city. Price \$5,800.

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Buckeye Realty Co.

ROOM 6, VODREY BUILDING.

Fifth and Broadway.

Both homes.

Open Evenings.

SOCIAL EVENTS

Egypta Patrons.

A large number of representative citizens have notified the Egypta committee that their names may be used as patrons for the opening performance of Egypta at Rock Springs theatre next Monday night. The first night of the opera promises to be quite an elaborate social affair. Many of the patrons will organize little opera parties of their friends. The stage carpenters are busily occupied in remodeling the stage equipment to accommodate the massive scenery used. Marvelous electrical illusions of water ripples, moving clouds, dancing fire flies, cascades, "pillars of fire," etc., will be used.

A pleasant class entertainment was given last evening by Miss Lucile Jones to her Sunday school class of young men of the First Presbyterian church. There was a large number present, and a musical program was given. The mandolin club of young ladies rendered several fine selections. Miss Helen Wellington also assisted in entertaining the guests by giving several readings. Miss Wellington is quite talented, and a graduate of the Boston School of Oratory.

May Dance at Lisbon.

Lisbon, May 12.—(Special)—The Young Men's Lyceum, of Lisbon, is preparing for the annual May dance, which will be held in the new post office building next Wednesday evening. The Ohio orchestra, of Youngstown, has been engaged.

Farewell Reception.

A surprise party and farewell reception was tendered Miss Allie Eardley on Tuesday evening by some 25 or more of her friends. Miss Eardley is taking her departure to St. Louis and her friends gave a memorable and pleasant farewell reception.

Hysell-McKee.

Miss Goldie E. Hysell and Charles A. McKee were married last evening by Justice J. N. Rose. Both the bride and groom are well known young people of this city.

Class to Be Entertained.

Miss Maud Baum's Sunday school class of the First M. E. church will be entertained tomorrow evening at the home of Miss Florence Dray in the East End.

What You Need for Constipation.
When troubled with constipation, what you need is a remedy that is sure to produce the desired effect. A remedy that is mild and gentle in its action. A remedy that leaves the bowels in a natural and healthy condition. A remedy that is easy and pleasant to take. Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets meet all of these requirements. Give them a trial and you will never wish to take another dose of pills. Use them as directed and they will cure chronic constipation. Price 25 cents. Every box is warranted For sale by Alvin H. Dray.

ALUMNI ASSOCIATION MEMBERS AND GRADUATES OF EAST LIVERPOOL HIGH SCHOOL ARE REQUESTED TO MEET IN HIGH SCHOOL ROOMS AT 7:30 O'CLOCK THURSDAY EVENING, MAY 12.

113-h

A Revelation.

If you will make inquiry it will be a revelation to you how many succumb to kidney or bladder troubles in one form or another. If the patient is not beyond medical aid, Foley's Kidney Cure will cure. It never disappoints.

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PUBLISHERS

HERE'S A CHANCE TO GET ONE OF THE BEST SERIAL STORIES EVER OFFERED. IT IS FREE TO ONE PAPER IN A COMMUNITY

The Central Liberty Loan Committee's Publicity Department at Cleveland has obtained from Charles Alden Seltzer, noted American novelist, rights to his latest novel, "The Man With a Country." Seltzer is famous for his delineation of real American characters.

Believing that this story will help sell the Victory Liberty Loan, the Central Committee hopes to see it run in every community in the Fourth Federal Reserve District.

It will be supplied free in plate form. It can be divided into six installments or run as the publisher pleases, so long as publication is so arranged that the last installment will be printed in the second week of the campaign—the week of April 27-May 3.

Naturally the serial cannot be run in more than one newspaper in a community. It will be apportioned on the rule of "first come, first served." When you have looked over this proof sheet and decided whether or

not you want the serial for your territory, telephone or telegraph collect to M. H. Laundon, Publicity Director, Central Liberty Loan Committee, Cleveland.

If you are a ready-print paper the Western Newspaper Union will, subject to your order, if you desire, run the serial on your ready-print side. The fact that you already are running a serial need not interfere with the running of this one. The installments are not long.

CHAPTER II

CORWIN liked Gary Miller. Miller was big and loud-voiced, with a bluff, hearty manner and a ready smile. Corwin likewise believed in Miller. Perhaps that was because he had never had any direct dealings with the man. For some of Falltown's citizens could have acquainted Corwin with incidents which reflected very little credit on Miller's business instincts and ability. Those persons might also have called Corwin's attention to Miller's egotism. But as several of those persons who might have given Corwin that information were members of the board of directors of the Merchant's Bank, they did not think it wise to disseminate the burden of their convictions. For Miller certainly did attract depositors.

For several seconds following Corwin's entrance, Miller watched him with a genial smile.

"Well," said Corwin; "it is war."

Miller ceased smiling and settled back into his chair. He wrinkled his forehead, squinted his eyes and pursed his lips. If he struck a knotted fist against the lips he might have resembled Rodin's famous "thinker." He would have presented a gross caricature, a positive libel upon the master's creation, but it would have been the nearest counterpart of a thinking Miller could have assumed.

But Miller's wrinkled brows and thoughtful eyes had impressed many of Falltown's citizens. They impressed Corwin; and when Miller turned and fixed Corwin with a penetrating gaze, grunting "H'm", through his pursed lips, a chill came over the young man's enthusiasm.

"Speaking in a strictly confidential manner, Corwin," said Miller, heavily; "I think it is a mistake—a monstrous blunder. The President is catering to the jingo element in this country. Why in thunder do we want to interfere in the affairs of Europe, eh?"

"The Kaiser's dream of World—"

"Bosh!" laughed Miller, heartily; "buncombe! You've been listening to the jingo orators. Let Europe work out its own salvation. Why should we squander our resources and slaughter the youth of our land to pull England's chestnuts out of the fire?"

"The Lusitania—" began Corwin.

"Regrettably, but a mere incident of war," declared Miller. "Those things will happen. Germany must pay for that, of course—and will, no doubt. She has already sent her regrets. However, that incident of itself does not provide a basis for war. This country is becoming too idealistic!"

Corwin wondered if what Miller said were true. Corwin, like millions of his fellow Americans, had been content to trust the President. His own half-formed and hazy opinions had not seemed to get him anywhere. He was not a statesman, a diplomat or a politician; and he had no knowledge of the inner workings of the machinery of government.

Miller's patronizing smile nettled him—made him feel insignificant, ignorant. Miller's position, bringing him into contact with men of large affairs, undoubtedly gave him an opportunity to learn things that the average citizen did not even dream of.

He saw a tolerant gleam in Miller's eyes—it was as though Miller was thinking that Corwin could not be expected to have definite opinions upon so abstruse a subject. Corwin even saw a glint of pity in the big man's eyes—a fatherly, benevolent, humorous pity.

Corwin desired Miller's good opinion, and he divined that to persist in disagreeing with the man would be nonsensical. And perhaps the country was becoming too idealistic. Certainly the country should not be plunged into the appalling catastrophe of war on foreign soil for merely sentimental reasons.

Corwin was convinced that he had yielded too completely to the spell of patriotism which had held him in its clutch a few minutes before entering Miller's office. He knew that really big men never permitted their enthusiasm to rule them—stern repression, dignity and much deliberation were the mental weapons with which they fought the betraying ebullient emotions. They did not permit the world to know their thoughts.

Miller, Corwin was convinced, had信号 honored him by taking him into his confidence, and he was conscious of a certain shame as he silently watched the big man.

Miller observed the collapse of Corwin's structure of incipient enthusiasm, and his smile grew bland and condescending.

"To be sure," he went on; "we shall all be called upon to make sacrifices—if Germany accepts our challenge. We shall have to do things we have never done before, and we shall have to face unheard-of conditions—abnormal and startling. We shall have to raise money—billions! And of course we shall all do what we can. This bank, I presume, will have to bear its share of the burden. And we shall bear it cheerfully. And I do not want to be understood as opposing the war; I am merely not overly enthusiastic about it. But I am telling you this in strictest confidence, you know."

A QUEEN'S JEWELS—PAWNED for a PITTANCE

A WOMAN'S SCORN bred of her DUAL LOVE

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The MAN with a COUNTRY

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Watch for Opening Installment!

Creator of Firebrand Trevison Writes New Serial for This Paper

Through Sightless Eyes

Carter Corwin discovered

that which was born in him and which he had spent years trying to conceal from himself—his patriotism. He discovered that he was

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Seltzer is pronounced by the leading literary critics of the country one of the best delineators of the characters of men of the western plains.

Carter Corwin in "The Man With a Country" has a thrilling battle with himself.

There is love in it too. It is staged in a small town in the east and proves that there is just as touching romance in factory smoke as there is in alkali dust.

Begin it. Read it Through. It'll Win You.

An un-American orator is knocked off a soap-box, bare knuckles gleam in the light of a rising moon in a little eastern town and—

And then you are engrossed in the new serial which this newspaper has obtained from the pen of Charles Alden Seltzer, author of some of the best American novels of the last decade. The new story is "The Man With a Country."

Seltzer does not depend for his setting in this tale upon the expansive plains of the west. Factory smoke takes the place of alkali dust and the hum of industry supplants the howl of the coyote. But the characters Seltzer depicts are just as truly American as the old favorites, Jefferson Gawne and Firebrand Trevison.

Seltzer's popularity as a writer of American fiction had its inception with the publication of "The Two-Gun Man." It increased rapidly as others of his works were produced—"The Range Riders," "Triangle Cupid," "The Trail to Yesterday," "The Boss of the Lazy Y" and on down to "Firebrand Trevison." Then the list of his admirers was made endless when such motion picture stars as William S. Hart, Tom Mix, Bert Lytell, Jack Gardner and Roy Stewart began purchasing the rights to depict his stories in the films.

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of Seltzer's best. It with action—love, and combat—flies, searing shrapnel, shattering hearts.

READ IT
VEL IN IT

Hold fast to that which is good. Don't sell or trade your Liberty Bonds unless imperative necessity requires

The MAN with a COUNTRY

By CHARLES ALDEN SELTZER

Author of FIREBRAND TREVISON THE VENGEANCE OF JEFFERSON GAWNE THE RANGE BOSS, ETC ETC

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CARTER CORWIN had lunched alone at an exclusive little restaurant on a side street. A certain front-page article in the Observer—Falltown's only daily newspaper—had taken the edge of Corwin's appetite.

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But the President's war message had come as a distinct shock despite the expectancy which had preceded it—and Corwin got up from the table with a conviction that the country faced a task the gravity of which could not be comprehended on the instant. And, he grimly assured himself as he walked down Main street, there were persons in America who would never comprehend it.

Nor could Corwin entirely grasp the mighty significance of the thing. He was convinced that the volume of production, hitherto fixed at certain limits, would have to be vastly increased; there would have to be extensions, enlargements, and intensive schemes to speed up the manufacture of munitions and the thousand and one implements of destruction which are the essentials of war; there would have to be rapid and hazardous adjustments; and in some cases a complete rebuilding of many industries. The whole country would have to work and save as it never worked and saved

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in the east and the characters are the folks you rub elbows with every day. The heroine is a stenographer.

If you believe that all the romance

LAWRENCE STUDIO



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However, Corwin's thoughts did not stop with the end of the road—they went right on to the Atlantic coast, leaped the mysterious waters, and took him to the shores of France. And for a while, unleashing his imagination, and feeding it with the graphic accounts he had read in the newspapers, he looked upon the battlefields; saw the Hun hordes ravage the land; saw them sweep on in serried waves—a succession of finely-trained armies hurled at the world's throat.

It seemed to Corwin as he leaned against the marble pillar of the Merchant's Bank that he could hear the thunder of the mighty guns; he visualized the endless streams of stretcher bearers returning from the front with their shattered human wrecks; the ruined towns and villages—he saw the ghastly horror unfold in grisly detail; he glimpsed the spectacle of a gallant nation sacrificing its wealth and its manhood to stem the human avalanche which was sweeping the world to its doom. The fate of the world was in the balance; and Corwin could see multitudes of faces turned toward the western horizon—pallid, drawn faces bearing marks of suffering, all turned westward in mute appeal, awaiting the decision of the mighty nation which held the future of the world in the hollow of its hand.

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"Why should we slaughter our youth to help England?"

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On all sides the country unfolded—plains and mountains and hills and valleys and virgin forest—miles of cultivated land, eastward, westward, north and south; with teeming millions of people in shop and factory and field and office—all dwelling in peace and fancied security, with unlimited power and wealth on every hand. While at the very doors of this paradise of peace a maniac lustful for power, backed by millions of his equally fanatical subjects, was engaged in an orgy of murder and rape and destruction. And that demoniac leader, pointing a reeking finger at the fair country of Corwin's birth, had declared, insolently: "I'll stand no nonsense from America after this war!"

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PUBLISHERS

HERE'S A CHANCE TO GET ONE OF THE BEST SERIAL STORIES EVER OFFERED. IT IS FREE TO ONE PAPER IN A COMMUNITY

The Central Liberty Loan Committee's Publicity Department at Cleveland has obtained from Charles Alden Seltzer, noted American novelist, rights to his latest novel, "The Man With a Country." Seltzer is famous for his delineation of real American characters.

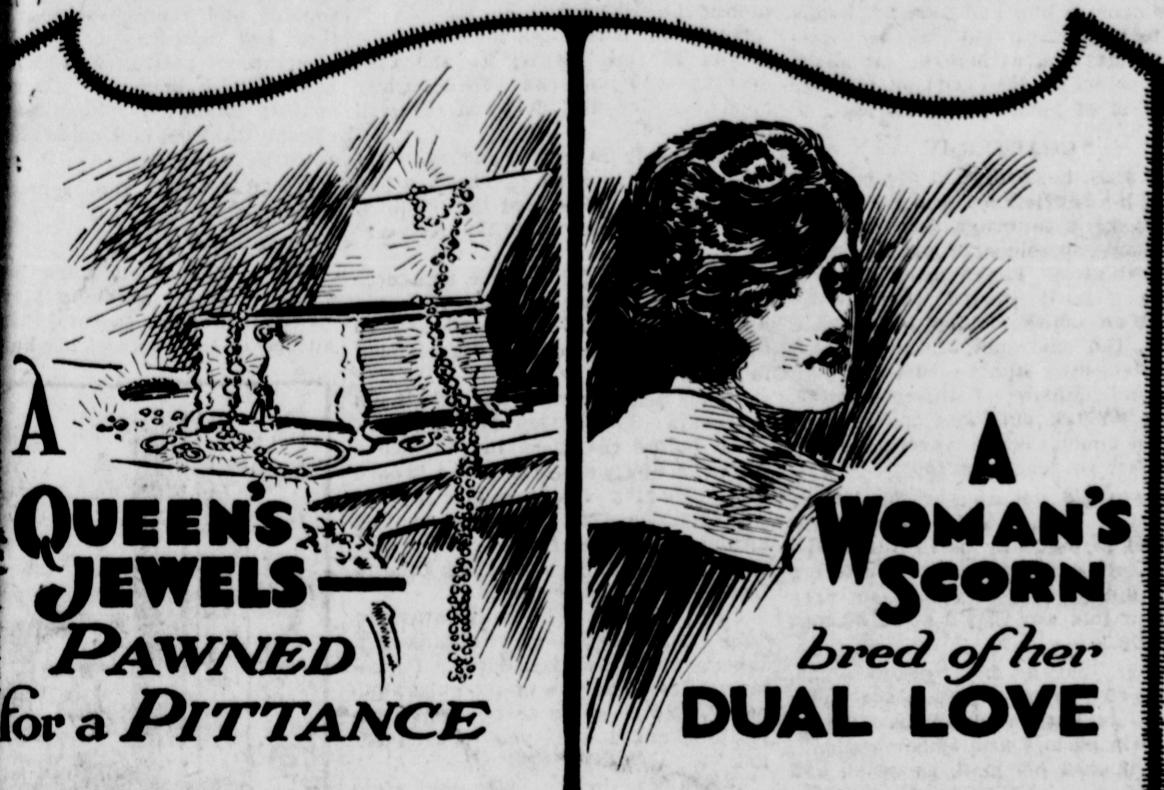
Believing that this story will help sell the Victory Liberty Loan, the Central Committee hopes to see it run in every community in the Fourth Federal Reserve District.

It will be supplied free in plate form. It can be divided into six installments or run as the publisher pleases, so long as publication is so arranged that the last installment will be printed in the second week of the campaign—the week of April 27-May 3.

Naturally the serial cannot be run in more than one newspaper in a community. It will be apportioned on the rule of "first come, first served." When you have looked over this proof sheet and decided whether or

not you want the serial for your territory, telephone or telegraph collect to M. H. Laundon, Publicity Director, Central Liberty Loan Committee, Cleveland.

If you are a ready-print paper the Western Newspaper Union will, subject to your order, if you desire, run the serial on your ready-print side. The fact that you already are running a serial need not interfere with the running of this one. The installments are not long.



A WOMAN'S SCORN bred of her DUAL LOVE

—made it possible for Columbus to discover that America lay in the seas of that unknown West. He underwent physical hardships, torture to make his great find.

—led Carter Corwin to the discovery that America lay deep in that unknown heart of his. His hardships, his torture in the quest of his great find were mental.

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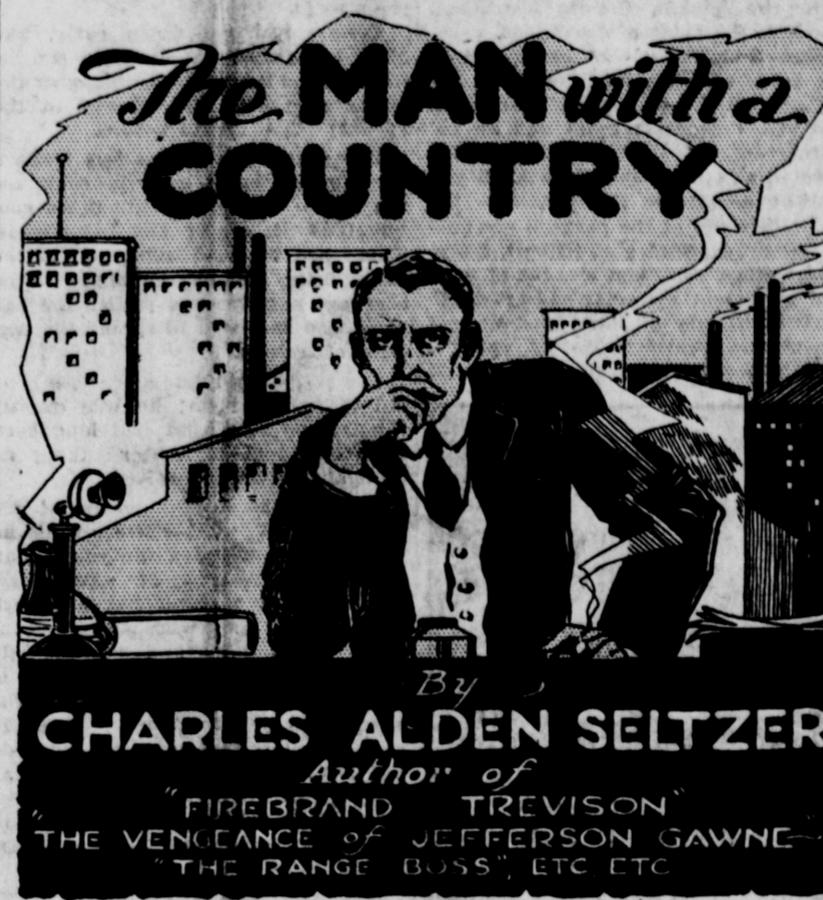
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CHAPTER II

CORWIN liked Gary Miller. Miller was big and loud-voiced, with a bluff, hearty manner and a ready smile. Corwin likewise believed in Miller. Perhaps that was because he had never had any direct dealings with the man. For some of Falltown's citizens could have acquainted Corwin with incidents which reflected very little credit on Miller's business instincts and ability. Those persons might also have called Corwin's attention to Miller's egotism. But as several of those persons who might have given Corwin that information were members of the board of directors of the Merchant's Bank, they did not think it wise to disseminate the burden of their convictions. For Miller certainly did attract depositors.

For several seconds following Corwin's entrance, Miller watched him with a genial smile.

"Well," said Corwin; "it is war." Miller ceased smiling and settled back into his chair. He wrinkled his forehead, squinted his eyes and pursed his lips. If he struck a knotted fist against the lips he might have resembled Rodin's famous "thinker." He would have presented a gross caricature, a positive libel upon the master's creation, but it would have been the nearest counterpart of a thinking posture Miller could have assumed.

But Miller's wrinkled brows and thoughtful eyes had impressed many of Falltown's citizens. They impressed Corwin; and when Miller turned and fixed Corwin with a penetrating gaze, grunting "H'm", through his pursed lips, a chill came over the young man's enthusiasm.

"Speaking in a strictly confidential manner, Corwin," said Miller, heavily; "I think it is a mistake—a monstrous blunder. The President is catering to the jingo element in this country. Why in thunder do we want to interfere in the affairs of Europe, eh?"

"The Kaiser's dream of World—" "Bosh!" laughed Miller, heartily; "buncombe! You've been listening to the jingo orators. Let Europe work out its own salvation. Why should we squander our resources and slaughter the youth of our land to pull England's chestnuts out of the fire?" "The Lusitania—" began Corwin.

"Regrettable, but a mere incident of war," declared Miller. "Those things will happen. Germany must pay for that, of course—and will, no doubt. She has already sent her regrets. However, that incident of itself does not provide a basis for war. This country is becoming too idealistic!"

Corwin wondered if what Miller said were true. Corwin, like millions of his fellow Americans, had been content to trust the President. His own half-formed and hazy opinions had not seemed to get him anywhere. He was not a statesman, a diplomatist or a politician; and he had no knowledge of the inner workings of the machinery of government.

Miller's patronizing smile nettled him—made him feel insignificant, ignorant. Miller's position, bringing him into contact with men of large affairs, undoubtedly gave him an opportunity to learn things that the average citizen did not even dream of.

He saw a tolerant gleam in Miller's eyes—it was as though Miller was thinking that Corwin could not be expected to have definite opinions upon so abstruse a subject. Corwin even saw a glint of pity in the big man's eyes—fatherly, benignant, humorous pity.

Corwin desired Miller's good opinion, and he divined that to persist in disagreeing with the man would be nonsensical. And perhaps the country was becoming too idealistic. Certainly the country should not be plunged into the appalling catastrophe of war on foreign soil for merely sentimental reasons.

Corwin was convinced that he had yielded too completely to the spell of patriotism which had held him in its clutch a few minutes before entering Miller's office. He knew that really big men never permitted their enthusiasm to rule them—stern repression, dignity and much deliberation were the mental weapons with which they fought the betraying ebullient emotions. They did not permit the world to know their thoughts.

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LITERARY critic recently astonished Charles Alden Seltzer by telling him he was just like the World War. The author, who is a very domesticated and father, asked mildly if the critic wouldn't go on with the riddle.

"You both have broken the outside shell and revealed the real man that is the basis of an American," the critic said.

Seltzer, author of "The Man With a Country," which this paper has obtained and will run as a serial, has displayed genius for portraying men in his widely-read tales of range life. Some of his best books have been "The Range Boss," "The Trail to Yesterday," "Firebrand Trevison," "Triangle Cupid" and "The Vengeance of Jefferson Gawne."

The wide circle of acquaintance which Seltzer's characters won among the readers of his books was greatly augmented with the coming of the movies.

Such stars as William S. Hart and Tom Mix, whose scenarios are of the western type, have portrayed Seltzer characters and are clamoring for the rights to more of the author's works.

Some of the best that Mix has done are "The Two-Gun Man," "The Coming of the Law" and "Slow Burgess." Hart's best two were "Square Deal Sanderson" and "The Vengeance of Jefferson Gawne," which, in the film version was "Riddle Gawne."

Seltzer? He's as husky and homely as he looks. He's a "pal" of his two sons and an ideal granddaddy in spite of the fact that he is smooth-shaven.

His new serial, "The Man With a Country," has a hero who does not ride a broncho or shoot from either hand. The setting is in a small town

in the east and the characters are the folk you rub elbows with every day.

The heroine is a stenographer.

If you believe that all the romance

LAWRENCE STUDIO



CHARLES ALDEN SELTZER

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When Corwin emerged from the bank building a few minutes later—after concluding his business with Miller—he felt that his glowing pictures of a few minutes before had been daubed with too much color. Looking eastward as he paused for an instant on the corner of Main and Meridian, he could see no farther than the crest of the slope where the gravel road stretched. He made no fanciful mental flight to the battlefields of stricken France and Belgium—it all seemed vague and far, now.

Corwin squared his shoulders as though to adjust them to a new weight that seemed to be on them. And a fugitive grin wreathed his lips as he crossed Meridian avenue and walked down Main street toward his office.

Perhaps Miller had not meant exactly what he had said; he might have been slyly poking fun at Corwin for the latter's quick defense of the President. For Miller had declared his intention of helping as much as he could. Or perhaps Miller had been suffering from an attack of indigestion. Corwin's grin grew to a broad smile.

Half way between Meridian and the next corner, Corwin heard a hurried step behind him, and a friendly hand was laid on his shoulder. He turned to see Morley Roberts, president of the Falltown Steel Products Company, smiling gravely at him.

Roberts fell into step with Corwin, and they proceeded down Main street. Corwin had always felt flattered by Roberts' friendliness, and he had not failed to notice the man's frank interest in him. At the club—where Corwin spent many of his evenings—Roberts seemed to deliberately seek him out.

Corwin had cultivated Roberts, for though Corwin had inherited considerable wealth and was not forced to search for clients, the prospects of one day getting the legal business that Roberts could throw in his way was not to be lost.

Roberts was tall, dark, with black, lamenb eyes, straight, strong features and a hard mouth. He was broad shouldered and erect, suave, and smoothly courteous.

"Heard the news, Corwin?" he asked.

Corwin nodded. "Everybody seems to have heard it," he replied. He smiled, calling Roberts' attention to the little groups of Falltown's citizens who were eagerly discussing the new phase of the international situation. Newsboys were shrilling the momentous intelligence, dinging it into the ears of probable customers; men were shouting to one another; a street car clacked by, loaded with grim-faced, eager-voiced men; the town seemed to have shaken off its mid-day lethargy, and was humming and throbbing with life.

Roberts smiled mirthlessly. "They'll be singing a different tune after a while," he said. "It is no joke, this war business. Why doesn't America keep out of it? What have we to gain through a war with Germany?"

Corwin was disappointed. He had expected Roberts to be enthusiastic over the prospect of war. For he had been led to believe that enormous profits were to be made in the manufacture of war munitions, and he knew Roberts' company was well equipped for such work. If Roberts had declared for war, Corwin would have been able to throw off the dulling influence of Gary Miller's words.

There was a slight venom in Rob-

erts' voice, and Corwin looked keenly at him.

"I had an idea you'd be eager to participate in the war profits," suggested Corwin.

"That's the soul of America," snapped Roberts; "Money—always money. I shan't turn out a piece of war material—unless I am forced. This is England's war—let England fight it. Germany is friendly to America. Then why should America antagonize Germany? There are a great many Germans in America. Their influence is enormous, and I hope they exert that influence to defeat the commercial pirates who are forcing this declaration upon Germany. Already they are talking of a bond issue. The country should not finance such a war, and I hope the first bond issue will be a failure. That would force a quick peace and save thousands of our boys from being slaughtered for financial gain."

Corwin did not argue with Roberts—he had no heart for argument. And when he left Roberts and climbed the stairs to his office the weight that had seemed to settle on his shoulders after leaving Gary Miller bore upon him more heavily than ever.

He began to wonder if Miller and Roberts were not right, after all. It did seem, now that he reflected over the matter, that there was slight occasion for the action of the President in plunging the country into war. A former president of the republic had warned his countrymen of the danger of making entangling alliances with foreign powers; and here was the present President disregarding that sage advice.

A feeling of resentment stole over Corwin. The President's attitude hinted strongly of autocracy. It seemed to Corwin that a declaration of war might have been evaded. Corwin began to pick flaws in the President's diplomacy; he reflected cynically that the President was not of his political faith, and that he might be bringing on the war at the behest of powerful commercial interests that thirsted for enormous profits. Then from this fabric of suspicion he began to pluck strands—in the shape of rumored irregularities in administration affairs in Washington—that he wove into plausible beliefs.

There were several members of the President's cabinet that Corwin did not like—he had always thought them incompetent. If there was to be a war, why did not the President force the resignation of these men?

Within half an hour, meditating alone in his office, Corwin became a narrow partisan—convinced that his political party was able to conduct a war more efficiently than the one headed by the President. Feeding his partisanship with incidents that seemed to prove the soundness of his conviction, Corwin became, within an hour, a dissenter from all the principles enunciated by the President in his war message—and in his public utterances.

A hot rage seized Corwin; and he laughed, scoffingly. War! The idea was monstrous. Why declare war on Germany? Why, indeed? Miller was right; Roberts was right. The President was making a terrible blunder. The jingoes and war-protees were agitating this thing, and they had won the President to their side. It wasn't a question of patriotism, for Germany had not threatened to invade America; and the surest and quickest way to convince the President and the world that the great body of the American people could not be fooled by such buncombe was to refuse to finance such a war.

When Molly King, Corwin's stenographer, came in a few minutes later, her face was flushed, her eyes were bright and there was an air of suppressed excitement in her manner. She went immediately to her desk; but instantly wheeled in her chair and faced Corwin.

"Did you hear the news, Mr. Corwin? America will declare war on Germany!"

Corwin grinned cynically at her. "Bosh!" he said. "Why should America interfere?"

The girl gasped and stared at Corwin in amazement. Then, when she saw Corwin was in earnest, she raised her chin defiantly.

"Because America is America, Mr. Corwin," she returned, coldly. "If America did not go in, now! I should never be able to look another foreigner in the eyes!"

She flounced around in her chair and began to bang the keys of her typewriter with a viciousness that startled Corwin. The girl's sturdy patriotism was in striking contrast to his own feelings, and for a long time he sat, watching her, oppressed with a sensation of guilt—or something shameful and clandestine and unworthy.

CHAPTER III
CORWIN was astonished to discover that most of his friends were either opposed to war with Germany or were lukewarm toward it. So he gathered that it was not a popular war. His own feelings had not changed—except that his convictions had deepened. When the poison of distrust of the President and his official family had got into his veins it had changed him overnight.

It was easy to pick flaws in every public utterance of the President; the mistakes of the men appointed to responsible positions were so glaringly apparent that they aroused in Corwin a grim contempt for the entire war structure. Men were being called to Washington in huge numbers to take charge of various departments—newly created. It seemed to Corwin that these men were chosen, not because of their especial fitness, but because they were influential in politics. Corwin foresaw many opportunities for graft, and he had no doubt that the entire war-organization would be honeycombed with it. So, as the days fled and he continued to nurse his distrust, he observed with sardonic satisfaction that inefficiency was to reign in Falltown. For one morning Gary Miller told him that the Central Liberty Loan Committee of the district had appointed Bernard Dillon chairman of the Falltown Committee.

Corwin flushed angrily. He and Dillon were not friendly. He knew of no good reason why Dillon should not have the appointment, and he could not deny that Dillon was honest. But he disliked the man, and was convinced that there were more capable men in Falltown.

He saw Miller looking keenly at him—understandingly.

"Well," laughed Miller; "I suppose they could have done better. Not that

I don't like Dillon. It's nothing personal, you understand; but he's a fellow that a man can't warm to." Miller's voice grew grave. "The loan is to be two billion. They can't raise it! Why, it's more money than the Government ever spent in two years. It didn't cost much more than that to finance the Civil War. And they talk of spending that amount within a few months!"

Miller was not the only resident of Falltown to express his convictions. During the days that followed the talk with the banker, Corwin hearkened much to the voice of discontent.

The fault-finder was omnipresent; his voice was raised in the office, the factory; in the groups that formed on the street corners; there was an undercurrent of dissatisfaction which created a savage joy in Corwin's heart. For he considered the dissatisfaction to be directed at the party in power—it was an expression of distrust, a protest against the huge blunder of waging war upon a foreign power which was thousands of miles distant. It wasn't necessary to go to war; it wasn't necessary to spend that vast

Falltown was expected to buy bonds to the extent of his means. On the streets—in the shapes of placard and poster and handbill and sticker—appeared the slogan:

"Send Falltown over the top."

Advertisements began to appear in the *Observer*—pointed paragraphs were there, appealing to the patriotism of Falltown's citizens. And on the morning when the loan campaign was launched, Corwin drove to his office in his closed car, dreading to be accosted by the workers that thronged the streets.

Corwin had got down early, and after he opened his desk he sat before it for a long time, thinking of the young man who had sneered at the speaker some nights before.

The young man's face had made a deep impression on him; he could see the fellow plainly—grinning his contempt of the orator and his friends. There had been no indecision in the young man's manner; he had exhibited a savage eagerness to punish the agitator who had tried to spread the doctrine of treason.

The young man was a force, a symbol of Americanism; he was exactly the type of man that had long been Corwin's ideal—a fighter taking no thought of consequences.

In a day before the poison of distrust had got into Corwin's veins he would have applauded the young man for what he had done; but now he saw in the fellow nothing but a superb animalism—a man with a magnificent body who blindly and unthinkingly fought, because, forsooth, a man in Washington had arbitrarily declared fighting to be necessary. "He's the sort of fellow that makes it possible for us to wage war," mused Corwin; "he's cannon-fodder—or willing to be."

Aware that he had spoken aloud, he wheeled in his chair, to see Molly King watching him curiously.

Corwin flushed with embarrassment.

Molly flushed his mail, as usual, and so of course she knew what Dillon had written. Corwin saw her eyes quicken as she looked from him to the waste basket.

There seemed to be a bit of malice in Molly's eyes as her gaze traveled from the waste basket to Corwin, some speculation, and a glint of amazement.

But she smiled, oddly. Corwin would have felt more comfortable had she glared at him—for the smile was expressive of many things that disturbed him. He knew she had heard his vindictively muttered words, and that she wanted to say some very frank things. Of course it was only because she was an employee that she didn't.

What she did say seemed to have no bearing upon Corwin's action. Yet Corwin knew it was subtle reproach.

"Ben has joined the Army, Mr. Corwin," she said. "He was determined not to wait for the draft—he is so eager." And she folded her hands in her lap and looked steadily at Corwin.

Corwin's face went crimson. He turned his back to Molly and pretended to busy himself with his correspondence. Later, still uncomfortable, he got his hat and left the office. Looking back as he went out the door, he saw Molly grimly smiling over her table and his drawing-room.

For several days Corwin had noticed in Molly's manner signs of mental perturbation. She had been strangely silent, and several times Corwin had observed an expression of worry and haunting anxiety in her eyes.

He was thinking of her a few minutes later when he heard her chair creak as she left it and approached him, standing close, her face a little pale, a slight embarrassment in her manner.

"Mr. Corwin," she said; "I wonder if you could help me—I wonder if you will help me!"

Looking quickly at her, Corwin saw that her lips were quivering, and that there was a suspicious moisture in her eyes.

"Why, Molly!" He was out of his chair in an instant, astonished. A quick, sincere sympathy had gripped him. "Help you!" he said, earnestly; "that's the surest thing, you know!"

She laughed quaveringly; and he divined from the leaping relief in her eyes that she had doubted him.

"You thought I wouldn't—you were reluctant to speak to me about—about your trouble. Why, Molly!"

"Well, you see, I was rude to you the other day—when we talked about America going to war. And I was afraid I had no right to ask you. Perhaps I haven't, anyway. But Ben is in trouble, and I know of no one else who would—"

"Ben?" Corwin interrupted, with a keen glance at her.

"My brother." Her face grew very red, though her eyes were clear and slightly defiant as they met Corwin's. "A few nights ago Ben got into a fight with some anti-war agitators. Ben is thoroughly American, and he couldn't stand hearing them say mean things about the country, and the President and the men who are running the war. So he knocked several of them down. And when a policeman tried to stop him he knocked the policeman down, too. And now they threaten to sentence him to jail for attacking an officer. And I've been wondering if you couldn't do something."

Corwin laughingly assured the girl that he would do "something." He went out of the office a few minutes later with Molly's thanks ringing in his ears, feeling unaccountably small and mean and insincere. For Molly's words about her brother being "thoroughly American" brought a vague disquiet into his heart. He, evidently, was not in that classification; for while Ben had been fighting the defamers of his country and his President, he had stood nearby, silently applauding the sentiments expressed by the agitators.

Corwin noted the preparations for the first Liberty Loan campaign. He heard rumors that the committee had examined into every man's resources, and that every citizen of Falltown was expected to buy bonds to the extent of his means. On the streets—in the shapes of placard and poster and handbill and sticker—appeared the slogan:

who advocated peace—a peace that would save millions of lives and billions of dollars? What was Americanism? Was it blind devotion? Or was it consideration of the good and safety of the country?

Corwin did not answer these questions—then. He went to the police station, interceded for Ben and obtained his release. But he found that he could not meet Ben's eyes when the latter thanked him; and when he returned to the office and told Molly that her brother was free—and she came over to him and took his hands and told him how thankful she was—he did not look at her—he sat silent in his chair, his face crimson, a queer sensation of guilt oppressing him.

CHAPTER IV

CORWIN, however, had the courage of his convictions. And before the Liberty Loan campaign was ended he had many occasions to put his courage to the test. For the campaign had not been fairly started when he received an official-looking letter from Dillon, the chairman of the committee, requesting him to subscribe ten thousand dollars. Falltown's quota, Dillon pointed out, was one million and no doubt Corwin wanted to help the town go "over the top."

Corwin did not answer the letter; nor did he send in a subscription. He grinned sardonically as he threw the letter into a waste basket, muttering as he did so: "If they want to carry on their fool war they'll do it without my help."

Aware that he had spoken aloud, he wheeled in his chair, to see Molly King watching him curiously.

Corwin flushed with embarrassment. Molly flushed his mail, as usual, and so of course she knew what Dillon had written.

Wrath was in the color that stole above Corwin's collar and suffused his face; a deeper wrath was in his heart. For an instant he meditated a sharp declination of the girl's invitation. Then, knowing he was fairly caught, he said, shortly:

"Put me down for a hundred."

"A hundred thousand?" queried Molly.

Corwin detected the humorous malice in the girl's voice; but he did not look at her, to see the knowing, tolerant smile on her face.

"One hundred dollars!" he snapped.

"Oh, Mr. Corwin—a hundred! Do make it more—won't you? You see, I haven't so many prospects in view, and I shall have to ask each of them to subscribe rather heavily. I was counting on you for ten thousand, at least."

"Look here!" he said, facing her; "are you doing this for Dillon?"

"Dillon? Oh, no. I haven't seen Mr. Dillon. I am doing it for my country, Mr. Corwin—and yours. I am doing it for Ben—and for the other boys who will go to France presently, to fight for us and for World freedom. Why," she went on, a deep note in her voice; "I have subscribed for two hundred, myself. And I shall take more—just as fast as I can pay for them. I feel that I am not doing anything for my country in buying bonds. For it really isn't giving, you know—only lending. It really isn't even that; it is taking your money from one place and putting it into another place—just like transferring it from one hand to another. It seems to me that the boys who go overseas to fight—and perhaps to die—are the only ones who are really going to give the country anything. And even they are not giving more than they have received from the country. Oh, Mr. Corwin, isn't it great to be an American?"

"Well," said Corwin, "I take a thousand."

When he had signed his name on one of the blanks Molly bent over him and stuck a Liberty Loan button on the lapel of his coat.

Whether it was because Molly, in attaching the button, had been forced to come very close to him, or whether his surrender to her importunities had brought him a fleeting sensation of satisfaction, he did not know. But somehow, after Molly left, and he looked down at the button, he felt less guilty. But he knew he had not subscribed through patriotic motives, or because he had felt it was a duty he owed to his country; he had merely bought the bonds because Molly had seemed to insist—because there had been no way of denying her. His convictions were the same—they would not change.

Corwin was not bothered again until the last day of the campaign. Then Dillon sent a representative to see him from the pages of the *Observer*—seeming to have been written directly at him. It was as though he were the only man in town who had not subscribed for the Loan, that the advertising writers knew it. There were truths in the advertisements, too—the writers seemed to have an uncanny understanding of the influences that kept him from subscribing. It was as though the writers were inside his brain, anticipating its thoughts, or transcribing them as they appeared.

And that his thoughts were visible things Corwin was becoming convinced. For he began to note that the workers of the world had no voice in the policies of their governments—liberty of speech was even denied them. And when, the next morning, Corwin heard that the offenders—the orator especially—had been accused of treason, he grinned sullenly.

Corwin laughingly assured the girl that he would do "something." He went out of the office a few minutes later with Molly's thanks ringing in his ears, feeling unaccountably small and mean and insincere. For Molly's words about her brother being "thoroughly American" brought a vague disquiet into his heart. He, evidently, was not in that classification; for while Ben had been fighting the defamers of his country and his President, he had stood nearby, silently applauding the sentiments expressed by the agitators.

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"Buy a Bond, Mr. Corwin?" she asked.

He glared at her. "I have one," he lied.

"Where is your button?" There was frank incredulity in her eyes.

The look angered Corwin. "This country would be better off if there were not so many people who interfered with what does not concern them!" he declared.

"It should be the business of every person in this country to see that every person who can afford to buy bonds, gets them!" declared the girl, defiantly.

"I'll get them when and where I please!" he snapped, as he brushed past the girl and entered the building.

"How you must love the Kaiser!" jeered the girl.

Corwin entered his office in a cold rage. He felt Molly King watching him covertly—at least it seemed to him that she did—but he did not look in her direction.

At

When Corwin emerged from the bank building a few minutes later—after concluding his business with Miller—he felt that his glowing pictures of a few minutes before had been daubed with too much color. Looking eastward as he paused for an instant on the corner of Main and Meridian, he could see no farther than the crest of the slope where the gravel road stretched. He made no fanciful mental flight to the battlefields of stricken France and Belgium—it all seemed vague and far, now.

Corwin squared his shoulders as though to adjust them to a new weight that seemed to be on them. And a fugitive grin wreathed his lips as he crossed Meridian avenue and walked down Main street toward his office.

Perhaps Miller had not meant exactly what he had said; he might have been slyly poking fun at Corwin for the latter's quick defense of the President. For Miller had declared his intention of helping as much as he could. Or perhaps Miller had been suffering from an attack of indigestion. Corwin's grin grew to a broad smile.

Half way between Meridian and the next corner, Corwin heard a hurried step behind him, and a friendly hand was laid on his shoulder. He turned to see Morley Roberts, president of the Falltown Steel Products Company, smiling gravely at him.

Roberts fell into step with Corwin, and they proceeded down Main street.

Corwin had always felt flattered by Roberts' friendliness, and he had not failed to notice the man's frank interest in him. At the club—where Corwin spent many of his evenings—Roberts seemed to deliberately seek him out.

Corwin had cultivated Roberts, for though Corwin had inherited considerable wealth and was not forced to search for clients, the prospects of one day getting the legal business that Roberts could throw in his way was not to be lost.

Roberts was tall, dark, with black, lamber eyes, straight, strong features and a hard mouth. He was broad shouldered and erect, suave, and smoothly courteous.

"Heard the news, Corwin?" he asked.

Corwin nodded. "Everybody seems to have heard it," he replied. He smiled, calling Roberts' attention to the little groups of Falltown's citizens who were eagerly discussing the new phase of the international situation. Newsboys were shrilling the momentous intelligence, dinging it into the ears of probable customers; men were shouting to one another; a street car clacked by, loaded with grim-faced, eager-voiced men; the town seemed to have shaken off its mid-day lethargy, and was humming and throbbing with life.

Roberts smiled mirthlessly. "They'll be singing a different tune after a while," he said. "It is no joke, this war business. Why doesn't America keep out of it? What have we to gain through a war with Germany?"

Corwin was disappointed. He had expected Roberts to be enthusiastic over the prospect of war. For he had been led to believe that enormous profits were to be made in the manufacture of war munitions, and he knew Roberts' company was well equipped for such work. If Roberts had declared for war, Corwin would have been able to throw off the dulling influence of Gary Miller's words.

There was a slight venom in Roberts' voice, and Corwin looked keenly at him.

"I had an idea you'd be eager to participate in the war profits," suggested Corwin.

"That's the soul of America," snapped Roberts; "Money—always money. I shan't turn out a piece of war material—unless I am forced. This is England's war—let England fight it. Germany is friendly to America. Then why should America antagonize Germany? There are a great many Germans in America. Their influence is enormous, and I hope they exert that influence to defeat the commercial pirates who are forcing this declaration upon Germany. Already they are talking of a bond issue. The country should not finance such a war, and I hope the first bond issue will be a failure. That would force a quick peace and save thousands of our boys from being slaughtered for financial gain."

Corwin did not argue with Roberts—he had no heart for argument. And when he left Roberts and climbed the stairs to his office the weight that had seemed to settle on his shoulders after leaving Gary Miller bore upon him more heavily than ever.

He began to wonder if Miller and Roberts were not right, after all. It did seem, now that he reflected over the matter, that there was slight occasion for the action of the President in plunging the country into war. A former president of the republic had warned his countrymen of the danger of making entangling alliances with foreign powers; and here was the present President disregarding that sage advice.

A feeling of resentment stole over Corwin. The President's attitude hinted strongly of autocracy. It seemed to Corwin that a declaration of war might have been evaded. Corwin began to pick flaws in the President's diplomacy; he reflected cynically that the President was not of his political faith, and that he might be bringing on the war at the behest of powerful commercial interests that thirsted for enormous profits. Then from this fabric of suspicion he began to pluck strands—in the shape of rumored irregularities in administration affairs in Washington—that he wove into plausible beliefs.

There were several members of the President's cabinet that Corwin did not like—he had always thought them incompetent. If there was to be a war, why did not the President force the resignation of these men?

Within half an hour, meditating alone in his office, Corwin became a narrow partisan—convinced that his political party was able to conduct a war more efficiently than the one headed by the President. Feeding his partisanship with incidents that seemed to prove the soundness of his conviction, Corwin became, within an hour, a dissenter from all the principles enunciated by the President in his war message—and in his public utterances.

A hot rage seized Corwin; and he laughed, scoffingly. War! The idea was monstrous. Why declare war on Germany? Why, indeed? Miller was right; Roberts was right. The President was making a terrible blunder. The jingoes and war-prophets were agitating this thing, and they had won the President to their side. It wasn't a question of patriotism, for Germany had not threatened to invade America; and the surest and quickest way to convince the President and the world that the great body of the American people could not be fooled by such buncome was to refuse to finance such a war.

When Molly King, Corwin's stenographer, came in a few minutes later, her face was flushed, her eyes were bright and there was an air of suppressed excitement in her manner. She went immediately to her desk, where she sat, but instantly wheeled in her chair and faced Corwin.

"Did you hear the news, Mr. Corwin? America will declare war on Germany!"

Corwin grinned cynically at her. "Bosh!" he said. "Why should America interfere?"

The girl gasped and stared at Corwin in amazement. Then, when she saw Corwin was in earnest, she raised her chin defiantly.

"Because America is America, Mr. Corwin," she returned, coldly. "If America did not go in, now! I should never be able to look another foreigner in the eyes!"

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CHAPTER III

CORWIN was astonished to discover that most of his friends were either opposed to war with Germany or were lukewarm toward it. So he gathered that it was not a popular war. His own feelings had not changed—except that his convictions had deepened. When the poison of distrust of the President and his official family had got into his veins it had changed him overnight.

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I don't like Dillon. It's nothing personal, you understand; but he's a fellow that a man can't warm to." Miller's voice grew grave. "The loan is to be two billion. They can't raise it! Why, it's more money than the Government ever spent in two years. It didn't cost much more than that to finance the Civil War. And they talk of spending that amount within a few months!"

Miller was not the only resident of Falltown to express his convictions. During the days that followed the talk with the banker, Corwin hearkened much to the voice of discontent.

The fault-finder was omnipresent; his voice was raised in the office, the factory; in the groups that formed on the street corners; there was an uncurrent of dissatisfaction which created a savage joy in Corwin's heart. For he considered the dissatisfaction to be directed at the party in power—it was an expression of distrust, a protest against the huge blunder of waging war upon a foreign power which was thousands of miles distant. It wasn't necessary to go to war; it wasn't necessary to spend that vast

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Corwin had got down early, and after he opened his desk he sat before it for a long time, thinking of the young man who had sneered at the speaker some nights before.

The young man's face had made a deep impression on him; he could see the fellow plainly—grinning his contempt of the orator and his friends. There had been no indecision in the young man's manner; he had exhibited a savage eagerness to punish the agitator who had tried to spread the doctrine of treason.

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In a day before the poison of distrust had got into Corwin's veins he would have applauded the young man for what he had done; but now he saw in the fellow nothing but a superb animalism—a man with a magnificent body who blindly and unthinkingly fought, because, forsooth, a man in Washington had arbitrarily declared fighting to be necessary. "He's the sort of fellow that makes it possible for us to wage war," mused Corwin; "he's cannon-fodder—or willing to be, Capital knows that—and Capital will use him and his kind. No brain—just a fighting animal."

And yet, somehow, Corwin envied the young man, even while condemning him. His action in attacking the crowd of agitators made Corwin feel inferior; and even now, reviewing the incident, a pulse of something shameful and stealthy ran over him.

When Molly King came in she did not look at Corwin. She removed her hat, placed it in a locker, and went directly to her desk, where she sat, her hands folded in her lap, looking out of a window.

Corwin watched her covertly. Of late, Corwin had been aware of a deep interest in Molly. When she had first come to work for him he had regarded her with the impersonal interest of the employer. But of late he had discovered that he liked to have her near him; she made an alluring picture at her desk—her face in profile, the wavy mass of golden brown hair crowning her head and curving in bulging folds near the nape of her neck. And several times, watching her when she had not been aware of his gaze, he had drawn mental pictures of her in his house, gracing his table and his drawing-room.

For several days Corwin had noticed in Molly's manner signs of mental perturbation. She had been strangely silent, and several times Corwin had observed an expression of worry and haunting anxiety in her eyes.

He was thinking of her a few minutes later when he heard her chair creak as she left it and approached him, standing close, her face a little pale, a slight embarrassment in her manner.

"Mr. Corwin," she said; "I wonder if you could help me—I wonder if you will help me!"

Looking quickly at her, Corwin saw that her lips were quivering, and that there was a suspicious moisture in her eyes.

"Why, Molly!" He was out of his chair in an instant, astonished. A sinewy, strong-faced man who stood near Corwin raised his voice sneeringly: "Bah!" he yelled at the orator; "how much does the Kaiser pay you for shooting off your mouth?"

There was a laugh, some hisses, and some applause for the interrupter. Then suddenly, the crowd began to move. There were shouts, hoarse imprecations, blows.

In an instant turmoil reigned. The crowd became a huge blot animated by swinging arms, and articulate with curses and infuriated yells. Corwin saw the interrupter, a grim smile on his face, drive into the press, swinging his arms like flails. He saw men go down under the man's blows; and as Corwin ran for a position of safety he mentally remarked that the expression of the man's face was much like that which had been upon the face of his stenographer when she had told him: "Because America is America!" He divined that the fighting instinct in the stenographer was as strong as that which had driven the strong-faced man to grimly attack the friends of the orator.

However, this incident strengthened Corwin's conviction that the country did not want war. And when from his position of safety he saw policemen fighting their way into the crowd, dispersing it, and arresting some of the disturbers, he cynically remarked to a bystander that the incident proved that the workers of the world had no voice in the policies of their governments—liberty of speech was even denied them. And when, the next morning, Corwin heard that the offenders—the orator especially—had been accused of treason, he grinned sardonically.

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Was Ben, the magnificent fighting animal, a better American than he, who would have tried to bring reason to bear in the international quarrel?

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Aware that he had spoken aloud, he wheeled in his chair, to see Molly King watching him curiously. Corwin flushed with embarrassment. Molly opened his mail, as usual, and so of course she knew what Dillon had written. Corwin saw her eyes quicken as she looked from him to the waste basket.

There seemed to be a bit of malice in Molly's eyes as her gaze traveled from the waste basket to Corwin, some speculation, and a glint of amazement.

But she smiled, oddly. Corwin would have felt more comfortable had she glared at him—for the smile was expressive of many things that disturbed him. He knew she had heard him vindictively muttered words, and that she wanted to say some very frank things. Of course it was only because she was an employee that she didn't.

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"Ben has joined the Army, Mr. Corwin," she said. "He was determined not to wait for the draft—he is so eager." And she folded her hands in her lap and looked steadily at Corwin.

Corwin's face went crimson. He turned his back to Molly and pretended to busy himself with his correspondence. Later, still uncomfortable, he got his hat and left the office. Looking back as he went out the door, he saw Molly grimly smiling over her shoulder.

That was only one of the many incidents that tortured Corwin in the days that followed. Bond salesmen accosted him on the streets; they invaded his home; they found their way to his office. Boy Scouts trailed him here and there; friends inquired about the absence of the bond button that should have graced the lapel of his coat.

Patriotic advertisements glared at

the street door to go to his office, a smiling young woman shoved a pad of subscription blanks before his eyes. "Buy a Bond, Mr. Corwin!" she asked.

He glared at her. "I have one," he lied.

"Where is your button?" There was frank incredulity in her eyes.

The look angered Corwin. "This country would be better off if there were not so many people who interfere with what does not concern them!" he declared.

"It should be the business of every person in this country to see that every person who can afford to buy bonds, gets them!" declared the girl, defiantly.

"I'll get them when and where I please!" he snapped, as he brushed past the girl and entered the building.

"How you must love the Kaiser!" jeered the girl.

Corwin entered his office in a cold rage. He felt Molly King watching him covertly—at least it seemed to him that she did—but he did not look in her direction.

At noon he heard Molly rise from her chair. She got her hat and coat, stood before the glass in the alcove for an instant, and then moved toward him. He felt her presence at his side and looked up, to see her smiling at him. In one hand she held a pencil, and in the other a pad of Liberty Loan subscription blanks.

"Mr. Corwin," she said sweetly; "the Falltown office girls organized a Liberty Loan club last night. I have been selected as one of the saleswomen. There is going to be a competition, and I want you to head my list."

Wrath was in the color that stole above Corwin's collar and suffused his face; a deeper wrath was in his heart. For an instant he meditated a sharp declination of the girl's invitation. Then, knowing he was fairly caught, he said, shortly:

"Put me down for a hundred."

"A hundred thousand?" queried Molly.

Corwin detected the humorous malice in the girl's voice; but he did not look at her, to see the knowing, tolerant smile on her face.

"One hundred dollars!" he snapped.

"Oh, Mr. Corwin—a hundred! Do me more—won't you? You see, I haven't so many prospects in view, and I shall have to ask each of them to subscribe rather heavily. I was counting on you for ten thousand, at least."

"Look here!" he said, facing her: "are you doing this for Dillon?"

"Dillon? Oh, no. I haven't seen Mr. Dillon. I am doing it for my country, Mr. Corwin—and yours. I am doing it for Ben—and for the other boys who will go to France presently, to fight for us and for World freedom. Why," she went on, a deep note in her voice; "I have subscribed for two hundred, myself. And I shall take more—just as fast as I can pay for them. I feel that I am not doing anything for my country in buying bonds. For it really isn't giving, you know—only lending. It really isn't even that; it is taking your money from one place and putting it into another place—just like transferring it from one hand to another. It seems to me that the boys who go overseas to fight—and perhaps to die—are the only ones who are really going to give the country anything. And even they are not giving more than they have received from the country. Oh, Mr. Corwin, isn't it great to be an American?"

"Well," said Corwin, "I take a thousand."

When he had signed his name on one of the blanks Molly bent over him and stuck a Liberty Loan button on the lapel of his coat.

Whether it was because Molly, in attaching the button, had been forced to come very close to him, or whether his surrender to her importunities had brought him a fleeting sensation of satisfaction, he did not know. But somehow, after Molly left, he looked down at the button, he felt less guilty. But he knew he had not subscribed through patriotic

had bought the bonds merely because everybody was expected to buy them, he said, and not because he was in sympathy with the war idea.

Roberts and Corwin lunched together many times during the summer and fall. And they criticized the Government without stint, and with a fervor that left them with a feeling that there was foundation for the criticism. It was remarkable how easy it was to find fault with what the Government was doing—how the war work was being done, how certain things could be done more quickly and efficiently, and how certain men they knew could fill positions more acceptably than those already in office.

Like the man who tells a lie so often that eventually he believes he is telling the truth, Corwin and Roberts became obsessed with the conviction that nothing was being done correctly. And the more they brooded over the situation the firmer grew their conviction that the whole country was being sacrificed to the inefficients and the blunderers.

A righteous indignation seized them. They found satisfaction in venomous criticism; they became scoffers, malcontents, voicing malignant skepticism. And when—in the anxious days of the summer of 1918—they saw the French structure of defense begin to crumble under the terrible offensive of the Hun armies, they began to feel their convictions had been vindicated—that the continued defeat of the Allied armies was due to the nationwide incompetency of the war machine built up by the government. They began to predict disaster for Allied Arms; they told their friends how it might have been different, how disaster might have been averted and how victory might have been won.

However, they gave little thought to the gigantic task faced by the khaki-clad boys who, to the number of two or three million, were at grips with the Hun hordes on the battlefields of France and Belgium. The boys were not in their mental vision; they were remote and far, and for all they knew might have been a dream-army. Not experiencing the emotions of sympathy that fill the heart of the zealous patriot, their imaginations could not leap the mighty gulf that separated them from the horrors of war; they lacked the power to bring the war-picture into their mental vision; they could not see beyond themselves and the universe of cynicism which encompassed them.

For the third time Falltown failed to subscribe its quota; and in the fall when the Fourth Loan campaign began, the patriot element of Falltown began to betray some curiosity as to the identity of the citizens who were playing the role of bond-slackers.

Corwin had not failed to note the change that was coming over Falltown's citizens. During the days of the first loan there had been much enthusiasm, and the "drive" had been launched amid music, flag-waving, the ringing of bells and the blowing of horns. Corwin was convinced that many persons had subscribed to the loan while under the spell of the enthusiasm aroused by the noise and the clatter. Some of those buyers had not been so enthusiastic during the second campaign; and when the third came there was still less visible enthusiasm. And the fourth campaign began with remarkable quietness.

Corwin, going and coming, watching faces in the street, noting the absence of enthusiasm, smiled derisively. He told himself that the people were beginning to see what he himself had divined from the first—that the war was a monstrous blunder, that certain capitalists had forced the country into it, that it was a partisan affair and that every man was considering only his own interests in supporting it.

That was it! Corwin had found it—the dominant influence of the whole thing—individualism. Individualism symbolized greed, selfishness and the lust for power. All men lived their lives with selfish aims, looking toward personal gain. To the business man the prosecution of that aim meant wealth, to the idler it meant luxury; to the ruler of a nation it meant power, and to the soldier it meant personal glory.

And that was all, everything. Men prated of country as though the land they lived in possessed some kind of a spirit—a soul which in its entirety was composed of many units, each unit a dweller in the land. That was what made him choose as his mate a woman in whom he saw those merits and virtues that he could not see in other women. It was what caused him to build a house—a better house than that occupied by his neighbor. It was the desire for self-gratification which made him ambitious to succeed, to gain wealth, power and glory.

Country? To be sure. The thing commonly called a man's country was the place in which he lived—the land he inhabited, the place in which he made his home and in which he raised his children. But every man had a country—he must have a country, a place on Earth to live. God had given him that! But the mere fact that he lived upon Earth did not signify that he was to go out to kill other men who inhabited the Earth with him. There was no such thing as country when it conflicted with a man's individuality. The man—not country—was supreme.

And thus man was man, and country was another thing—secondary, chimerical, non-existent. Country was an imaginary estate, a Land inhabited by a race of humans who were all individualistic, all imbued with the same desire—to get ahead, to thrive, to live. There was no common spirit or soul that brought men together in patriotic bondage. Some men professed the sentiment, but few lived it.

Corwin knew a real estate man who had formerly dealt in second mortgages and chattel loans. The fellow pretended to be patriotic, yet Corwin knew he was discounting Liberty Bonds. He knew men who were whispering to their fellows that the bonds would one day be valueless, that they should be disposed of quickly, even at a loss, for the day was not far distant when the Government would repudiate all its debts. He knew other men who were profiteering; he had heard other men curse the Government because they were not permitted to make greater profits—because the Food Administrator had decreed against them. Still other men were idling in offices, on Government service—men of draft age who should have been at the Front—if they felt the patriotism they professed.

Had these men a country? What did country mean to them? It meant to them what it meant to every man who lived in it—nothing but a place in which they could ply their particular trade for the purpose of gain and power.

However, one day during the end of the Fourth Liberty Loan campaign, Corwin saw an aged woman slowly approach a Loan booth on Main street. She wore a faded black dress, a bonnet with a string attached, tied in a drooping bow under her chin. Her shoes were not good, and she had a look of having been pinched by poverty all her later days.

It was the glow in her eyes that commanded Corwin's attention. Her face was wrinkled and seamed, but her eyes were bright, and luminous with an expression that made Corwin gulp with a nameless emotion.

"I'd like to buy a bond, sir—fifty dollars," she said, quietly, to the salesman.

"You're pretty old to be buying bonds, Grandma," said the latter. "Are you sure you want one?"

"Old, am I?" she replied, raising her voice defiantly. "Well, when I get so old that I can't try to do something for my country, I shall be old indeed!"

The salesman caught Corwin's eyes, and laughed.

"That ought to make some tights rather ashamed of themselves—hadn't it?" he said.

Corwin flushed, turned abruptly on his heel and walked away, embarrassed, humiliated. For here—in the person of the old lady—was a manifestation of that spirit which he had long denied.

CHAPTER VI

It was only a few weeks later when the news flashed to a waiting, anxious world that the Hun line was wavering; that American troops were being hurled against it and that the crisis for which the world had waited long was at hand. Reports of engage-



"When I get too old to help my country, I shall be old indeed."

ments in which the Yankee boys had conducted themselves with a heroism that upheld the traditions of their country began to leak through, to occupy prominent places in the newspapers.

Corwin noted the change in the atmosphere of Falltown. There had been deep concern in most of the faces of Falltown's citizens. Some of the faces had borne a harried appearance, and the haunting wistfulness in the eyes of some had betrayed their fear of the outcome. There were men who passed their friends without a nod of recognition—their minds, their hearts, their souls were in France with their sons who were facing the appalling hazard of death. There were others who scowled; still others whose eyes were luminous with pride; there were still others whose eyes glowed with a sorrow that would be eternal.

Falltown had been a place of subdued voices—or of dread expectancy. It had seemed to be waiting—waiting for something to happen.

And that something had happened. Falltown had been awaiting the news

it had now received. And in the faces of men on the streets; in the faces of women and children, there had come a new expression. It was that of grim joy—the savage exultation of the victor.

Corwin was sitting at his desk one day in November. He had not been able to work. Somehow, though he had no sympathy with the war, he felt eager, expectant. It seemed to him that great events portended. A dozen times during the day he had got up, to go to one of the windows and look down into the street. He saw people hurrying, with springy step and alert manner—as though they desired to finish the tasks before them before that something for which they waited, should occur.

Corwin did not see Molly King watching him; he did not see in the girl's eyes a certain gleam of understanding and pity. For Molly knew that the end was near—that victory for the army in which her brother was fighting was imminent—and she knew that there would come a day for Corwin when he would wish, sorrowfully and regretfully, that he had been an enthusiastic supporter of the Government.

And some glimmer of that regret was already clutching at Corwin. He was uneasy, restless. For he, too, felt that victory was at hand, and he had done nothing toward winning it.

Something lacked in Corwin; there was a void somewhere in his heart. He felt as a child feels who has not received an invitation to a party which all its friends will attend. He was an outsider—forgotten, unconsidered.

Corwin's face was grave and slightly pale when he walked away from the window and resumed his chair at the desk.

It was not long after Corwin dropped into the chair until the screech of a whistle floated into the office. The sound was loud, insistent, continuing. It seemed to shriek exultantly—seemed to bear a message—the message. It rose, clear and penetrating, rocking the air with its resonance. Then it was joined by others—hundreds, it seemed—of varying degrees of power and volume. Huge and deep, they came, and shrill and piping—trebles, basses, baritones—harsh, soft, trilling, blantant—a chorus, a bedlam of sound.

At the first long, continuing blast, Molly King bounded out of her chair and ran to an open window. Her eyes flashed with delight, her cheeks flushed, her voice high-pitched and eager, she called to someone in the street. Corwin heard the reply:

"The Armistice has been signed!"

Falltown was already celebrating. A multitude of varying sounds arose and eddied through the office windows, assailing Corwin's ears. It seemed to him that every citizen of the town must be in the street in front of the office, and that each citizen was trying to make more noise than his neighbor.

Molly was putting on her hat when Corwin again looked at her. Her eyes were very bright—they glowed with a light that made Corwin's widen with admiration.

"I can't work any more today, Mr. Corwin!" she said; "I've simply got to go out and celebrate! I shall be back tomorrow morning—if I survive!"

Corwin sat alone in his office. He, too, was glad the war was over. But his gladness was tinged with bitterness. If he had been a hypocrite he would have joined the crowds on the streets. But not being a hypocrite he did not go. He sat there, his chin on his chest—thinking. And quite prominent in this thoughts was that theory of individualism which had bothered him for many days.

CHAPTER VII

It was pure perverseness on Corwin's part that made him antagonistic toward the fifth loan—the Victory Liberty Loan. To be consistent he must oppose it. He had not subscribed for the others—except to the extent of the thousand dollars. Molly King had forced him—and he did not intend to subscribe to the Victory Loan. To Molly, one morning in late April, he said, derisively:

"It's time for people to wake up and realize that the war is over. Do they think the country will stand for these loans forever? Don't those grafters ever get enough?"

"Grafters?" Molly's voice was cold. Her gaze was scornfully defiant. "Mr. Corwin," she went on, evenly; "you don't mean to say that you think all of the money obtained from the bond issues has been stolen?"

Corwin's smile was almost a sneer. "Plenty of it has gone into the pockets of grafters," he replied.

"All public money is subject to that risk," Molly declared; "it is quite impossible to prevent some of the money going where it should not go. It is impossible to prevent much of it, for the nature of the public work—and particularly war work—makes it easy for certain unscrupulous men to take things that do not belong to them. In war work, especially, is there great opportunity for diverting funds. It is emergency work and there is no time to take even ordinary measures to safeguard the public funds. Men must be trusted and some of them violate their trust. That isn't the fault of the Government—it is the men themselves who are to blame. If they were Americans they would not do it."

"Well, I know some of it cannot be prevented," admitted Corwin. "But how about extravagance?"

"That can't be helped, either," declared the girl. "When a war comes the Government finds itself in need of certain things. Those things must be

obtained quickly. There is no time to split hairs over dollars. Business men must be assured that they will be treated generously or they will not turn out the work the Government demands from them. If you find yourself suddenly in need of a gun to defend yourself with—and a highwayman threatening you—you are not going to haggle very long over the price of a gun which a man behind you is offering you. You need the gun and you are going to pay what the man asks for it."

"Well, there may be something in that—possibly you are right. But the war is over. Why should it be necessary to have another Liberty Loan?"

"I thought of that when I heard they were proposing another loan," the girl replied. "And I asked my father about it. He said that the American army had provided the punch which had won the war, and that it had been the magnitude of our preparations which had convinced Germany of the hopelessness of fighting longer. Germany saw that we meant to win. Germany was convinced that we would win, because we were getting enough war materials together—men, munitions and other news—to make the victory for us certain. If we had gone about the thing half-heartedly—if any one of the Liberty Loans had failed—Germany would not have asked for an armistice. For those men in Germany were watching America. They knew everything we did. And when they saw that we were preparing to war for a dozen years if necessary, they became convinced that continued resistance would be futile."

"But this Government had to plan far in advance of the present. We really had to plan for a long fight, for it seemed Germany was nowhere near beaten. We had to do more than plan—we had to actually manufacture a stupendous amount of war material as a reserve supply—we had to pile it up and keep piling up until we were sure." Look at the ships we had to build—the airplanes, the guns—everything. It was the most gigantic task that ever faced this or any other nation. We were unprepared, inexperienced. But we did it—we got ready, and we won."

"But the emotion did not last; it was transient, surface—it went no deeper than his thoughts, after the first stirring surge. It did not reach the heart; it did not strike the solemn note of patriotism. Watching him closely, Molly saw his eyes grow cynical again; and she drew a deep, slow breath—for she had been hoping he would surrender, that he would come to realize that the Nation's trouble meant something more to him than the consideration of self; that he would be able to see with a broader vision, and that the real Corwin, hidden beneath the cynical mask he affected, would be revealed. For she could have loved the Corwin of her ideals.

"It all comes to a question of individualism," he said. "We are all willing to sacrifice, providing we gain something by doing so. The motive underlying all this fuss is the desire of every man engaged in it to express his personality in one way or another. The soldier, I believe, has less chance to be an individual than any other class concerned in the war. For he is a slave to discipline. He has to obey orders. He is drafted, or he volunteers. But once he enters the army he loses his individuality and becomes a part of the machinery of war. He is a pawn—a human sacrifice to the greed of other individuals. It is my opinion that, left to decide for themselves, very few men who are now in the army would have joined it. They would have preferred to stay out and let the other fellow do the fighting."

Molly's face had grown very white. "Mr. Corwin," she said slowly; "either you do not understand, or you are deliberately denying your Americanism. You ought to know better than to talk like that!" She sat very straight and rigid, breathing fast.

"There is such a thing as a man fighting for his country unselfishly—because he loves it! Of course every one of those boys who went over there was reluctant to fight—with the exception of some who are so constituted that they fight for the love of fighting—but I believe that none of them has personal interest in mind. They are fighting for their country—for my country, and for yours, Mr. Corwin."

And Molly, her lips quivering, her eyes flaming with passion, turned from Corwin and began to pound the keys of her typewriter.

CHAPTER VIII

By the time the campaign for the Victory Loan began, Corwin had become moody and taciturn. He was still the cynic, scoffing at generous impulses; outwardly he professed to feel antagonistic toward the loan; and he continued to find fault and to seek the society of men who expressed the views he expressed.

But in his heart had begun to grow a great doubt. Struggling within him, for expression, for encouragement, were emotions that sometimes actually hurt him. He wanted to express them; he felt they were the sincere impulses of his nature. But he had gone too far, now, to confess to his friends that he entertained a doubt that he had been wrong. He had the courage to oppose the war and the Government's policy, but he lacked the moral courage to admit that he had entertained opinions—or had expressed opinions—that an American should not have entertained.

He attributed—at first—the change that was coming over him to Molly's treatment of him.

"What would it have cost us if Germany had won?" asked Molly. "Instead of buying Liberty Bonds or Notes to store away in some safe place, meanwhile drawing interest on them, we would now be getting ready to pay billions of dollars of tribute money to Germany."

"So you think we ought to make this last Liberty Loan a success?" said Corwin.

"Ben is over there," declared the girl. "He went over at the behest of the Government—which is all of us. He went for a definite purpose—to fight for his country, and to win. He was prepared to give his life for us. And," here Molly's voice quavered—"he may have done so by this time, for I have not heard from him for several months. Our boys have done their part; they have given their limbs, their sight, their lives. And we, back here, enjoying peace are—some of us—reluctant to back them up with our dollars. Money! Why, Mr. Corwin, how much per capita has this war really cost us, in direct outlay? Here are one hundred million people. That means that if each and every one of the hundred million advances the Government ten dollars, the Government has one billion. Ten dollars! Multiply that—by twenty. That would mean that if each of the hundred million gave the Government two hundred dollars, the total amount would be twenty billion. If you could buy liberty for two hundred dollars—if you could buy immunity from attack for that amount, would you hesitate? Many men pay that amount to their lawyers—and much more—to defend them in a lawsuit!"

"So you see, Mr. Corwin, though the amount of money expended seems to be enormous, it really isn't so much for each of us to bear. Why," she added, her eyes gleaming with a luminous moisture; "I would give a thousand times that sum, if I had it, to be sure that Ben would come back to me. I would give everything I possess to bring any girl's brother back!"

"When he did meet her gaze he saw her eyes flash with something that must have been very near contempt. But Corwin said nothing. There seemed to be nothing to say."

Meanwhile, it appeared that Falltown was going to fail again. Despite the vigorous campaign carried on by the Liberty Loan Committee, subscriptions lagged. Most of the town's citizens seemed to think as Corwin had expressed himself—that since the war was over there seemed to be no need of any more Liberty Loans.

There was no enthusiasm, no clamor, no indication of success. Though the bond salesmen labored hard, they made slow headway. When the campaign was half over Falltown had not raised more than a third of its quota; and when there remained only a few days more, and the Committee redoubled its efforts, the goal was still distant and seemingly unattainable.

Desperately the committee appealed, and though there were some responses, when the last day of the campaign dawned Falltown was more than two hundred thousand dollars behind its quota. The Committee ex-

"It is the fault of the people who can subscribe—and won't!" declared Miller. "I know. There are five hundred, almost without exception, subscriptions to one big one. Almost all the little fellows are coming forward with their subscriptions. The big fellows—most of them—are holding back. What's the answer? I've got it—or what I think is the answer."

"The little fellow works hard. He usually gets only one newspaper a day. He gets few books—he has no time to delve into the shelves of the library to read yards and yards of political economy by this and that writer, none of whom know enough about running the Government to stake out a pig-iron. He does not get time to affect 'isms' of one kind and another, nor to join cults that profess to prepare a man for higher thought. He does not get into the critical mental attitude of the reader of ancient philosophy—he is not a carpenter, cynical, theorist. All he knows is enough to work for his family, to save what he can, to get what few luxuries he can, and to follow his Government blindly. He knows enough to be patriotic. And when the Government tells him there is to be a war and that so much money will be required to finance it, he goes right down in his sock and gets it!"

"Now," went on Miller; "the little fellow has made all the subscriptions he can carry. He is buying all he can buy of this loan. He has done his share, and he's through. We're still a hundred thousand dollars shy of the quota." He now looked straight at Corwin—and then from Corwin to Roberts. "Do either of you fellows know two men in this town who are able to subscribe to fifty thousand dollars' worth right off the reel—without it cramping them any financially?"

Corwin and Roberts exchanged glances, and both reddened.

"I see you do," grinned Miller, maliciously.

had bought the bonds merely because everybody was expected to buy them, he said, and not because he was in sympathy with the war idea.

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For there was a greater power than soul. It was human nature. And the nature of man made him individualistic. He ran in cliques, to be sure—he liked company; he was eager to be surrounded by his fellows. But nevertheless, he was individualistic—he was looking out for himself. That was what made him choose as his mate a woman in whom he saw those merits and virtues that he could not see in other women. It was what caused him to build a house—a better house than that occupied by his neighbor. It was the desire for self-gratification which made him ambitious to succeed, to gain wealth, power and glory.

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However, one day during the end of the Fourth Liberty Loan campaign, Corwin saw an aged woman slowly approach a Loan booth on Main street. She wore a faded black dress, a bonnet with a string attached, tied in a drooping bow under her chin. Her shoes were not good, and she had a look of having been pinched by poverty all her later days.

It was the glow in her eyes that commanded Corwin's attention. Her face was wrinkled and seamed, but her eyes were bright, and luminous with an expression that made Corwin gape with a nameless emotion.

"I'd like to buy a bond, sir—fifty dollars," she said, quietly, to the salesman.

"You're pretty old to be buying bonds, Grandma," said the latter. "Are you sure you want one?"

"Old, am I?" she replied, raising her voice defiantly. "Well, when I get so old that I can't try to do something for my country, I shall be old indeed!"

The salesman caught Corwin's eyes, and laughed.

"That ought to make some tightwads rather ashamed of themselves—hadn't it?" he said.

Corwin flushed, turned abruptly on his heel and walked away, embarrassed, humiliated. For here—in the person of the old lady—was a manifestation of that spirit which he had had denied.

CHAPTER VI

It was only a few weeks later when the news flashed to a waiting, anxious world that the Hun line was wavering; that American troops were being hurled against it and that the crisis for which the world had waited long was at hand. Reports of engage-



"When I get too old to help my country, I shall be old indeed."

It had now received. And in the faces of men on the streets; in the faces of women and children, there had come a new expression. It was that of grim joy—the savage exultation of the victor.

Corwin was sitting at his desk one day in November. He had not been able to work. Somehow, though he had no sympathy with the war, he felt eager, expectant. It seemed to him that great events portended. A dozen times during the day he had got up, to go to one of the windows and look down into the street. He saw people hurrying, with springy step and alert manner—as though they desired to finish the tasks before them before that something for which they waited, should occur.

Corwin did not see Molly King watching him; he did not see in the girl's eyes a certain gleam of understanding and pity. For Molly knew that the end was near—that victory for the army in which her brother was fighting was imminent—and she knew that there would come a day for Corwin when he would wish, sorrowfully and regrettely, that he had been an enthusiastic supporter of the Government.

And some glimmer of that regret was already clutching at Corwin. He was uneasy, restless. For he, too, felt that victory was at hand, and he had done nothing toward winning it.

Something lacked in Corwin; there was a void somewhere in his heart. He felt as a child feels who has not received an invitation to a party which all its friends will attend. He was an outsider—forgotten, unconsidered.

Corwin's face was grave and slightly pale when he walked away from the window and resumed his chair at the desk.

It was not long after Corwin dropped into the chair until the screech of a whistle floated into the office. The sound was loud, insistent, continuing. It seemed to shriek exultantly—seemed to bear a message—the message. It rose, clear and penetrating, rocking the air with its resonance. Then it was joined by others—hundreds, it seemed—of varying degrees of power and volume. Huge and deep, they came, and shrill and piping—trebles, basses, baritones—harsh, soft, trilling, blabbing—a chorus, a bedlam of sound.

At the first long, continuing blast, Molly King bounded out of her chair and ran to an open window. Her eyes flashing with delight, her cheeks flushed, her voice high-pitched and eager, she called to someone in the street. Corwin heard the reply:

"The Armistice has been signed!"

Falltown was already celebrating. A multitude of varying sounds arose and eddied through the office windows, assaulting Corwin's ears. It seemed to him that every citizen of the town must be in the street in front of the office, and that each citizen was trying to make more noise than his neighbor.

Molly was putting on her hat when Corwin again looked at her. Her eyes were very bright—they glowed with a light that made Corwin's widen with admiration.

"I can't work any more today, Mr. Corwin!" she said; "I've simply got to go out and celebrate! I shall be back tomorrow morning—if I survive!"

Corwin sat alone in his office. He, too, was glad the war was over. But his gladness was tinged with bitterness. If he had been a hypocrite he would have joined the crowds on the streets. But not being a hypocrite he did not go. He sat there, his chin on his chest—thinking. And quite prominent in this thoughts was that theory of individualism which had bothered him for many days.

CHAPTER VII

It was pure perverseness on Corwin's part that made him antagonistic toward the fifth loan—the Victory Liberty Loan. To be consistent he must oppose it. He had not subscribed for the others—except to the extent of the thousand dollars Molly King had forced from him—and he did not intend to subscribe to the Victory Loan. To Molly, one morning in late April, he said, derisively:

"It's time for people to wake up and realize that the war is over. But they think the country will stand for these loans forever? Don't those grafters ever get enough?"

"Grafters?" Molly's voice was cold. Her gaze was scornfully defiant. "Mr. Corwin," she went on, evenly; "you don't mean to say that you think all of the money obtained from the bond issues has been stolen?"

Corwin's smile was almost a sneer. "Plenty of it has gone into the pockets of grafters," he replied.

"All public money is subject to that risk," Molly declared; "it is quite impossible to prevent some of the money going where it should not go. It is impossible to prevent much of it, for the nature of the public work—and particularly war work—makes it easy for certain unscrupulous men to take things that do not belong to them. In war work, especially, is there great opportunity for diverting funds. It is emergency work and there is no time to take even ordinary measures to safe-guard the public funds. Men must be trusted and some of them violate their trust. That isn't the fault of the Government—it is the men themselves who are to blame. If they were Americans they would not do it."

"Well, I know some of it cannot be prevented," admitted Corwin. "But how about extravagance?"

"That can't be helped, either," declared the girl. "When a war comes the Government finds itself in need of certain things. Those things must be

obtained quickly. There is no time to split hairs over dollars. Business men must be assured that they will be treated generously or they will not turn out the work the Government demands from them. If you find yourself suddenly in need of a gun to defend yourself with—and a highwayman threatening you—you are not going to haggle very long over the price of a gun which a man behind you is offering you. You need the gun and we are going to pay what the man asks for it."

"Well, there may be something in that—possibly you are right. But the war is over. Why should it be necessary to have another Liberty Loan?"

"I thought of that when I heard they were proposing another loan," the girl replied. "And I asked my father about it. He said that the American army had provided the punch which had won the war, and that it had been the magnitude of our preparations which had convinced Germany of the hopelessness of fighting longer. Germany saw that we meant to win. Germany was convinced that we would win, because we were getting enough war materials together—men, munitions and other sinews—to make the victory for us certain. If we had gone about the thing half-heartedly—if any one of the Liberty Loans had failed—Germany would not have asked for an armistice. For those men in Germany were watching America. They knew everything we did. And when they saw that we were preparing to war for a dozen years if necessary, they became convinced that continued resistance would be futile."

"But this Government had to plan far in advance of the present. We really had to plan for a long fight, for it seemed Germany was nowhere near beaten. We had to do more than plan—we had to actually manufacture a stupendous amount of war material as a reserve supply—we had to pile it up and keep piling up until we were sure: 'Look at the ships we had to build—the airplanes, the guns—every thing. It was the most gigantic task that ever faced this or any other nation. We were unprepared, inexperienced. But we did it—we got ready, and we won.'

"But don't you see, Mr. Corwin, that it took an awful lot of money. We had

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of that great arm of government which expresses itself in force.

And unconsciously, involuntarily, the three men in the room with him paid tribute—the tribute of silence, of attention and respect.

Corwin peered intently at Ben, searching his face for signs, for indications that Ben harbored resentment against his Government for the loss of his sight. He watched closely for the slightest expression which would tell him that Ben regretted his experience. But he saw no such signs. Ben's face, despite the sightless eyes, had undergone a transformation. On the night Corwin had seen him fighting the agitators there had been in the man's face something malignant and savage and passionate. He had been a fighting animal, enraged and yearning to punish the defamers of his country.

There was a different expression on his face now. His smile was serene, complacent, ineffably gentle—as though reminiscent of a soul-fire out of which he had come unclothed, finely tempered and impervious to baseness. It was the face of a man who has looked death straight in the eyes and has no fear of it—it was the face of a trained soldier who has held communion with the spirit of his country. Looking hard at Ben, Corwin was certain that Ben had no regrets.

"I don't know why Molly brought me here," said Ben. "I wanted to go straight home—just to see how things look."

Corwin saw Molly cover her eyes with her free hand; he saw Roberts and Miller stiffen; and he felt a queer constriction in his own throat as the muscles tightened oddly. When Molly removed the hand from her eyes and looked at Corwin, she saw that his face was dead white.

"Well, I suppose I won't see the old place any more," said Ben, seeming to comprehend the significance of the silence that had followed his words. "That's a figure of speech with me, now. But I shall be able to feel—and that will be plenty." He laughed, and there was a flavor of scorn in the sound.



"Some people don't seem to realize just what this war means."

"That's more than some people do—isn't it?" he went on. "Some men don't seem to know how to feel. When I landed, and they told me that Falltown had failed in all four of the Liberty Loan campaigns, I tell you it made me feel. There were times when I was on the point of denying that I came from Falltown. And when I heard Mr. Miller say that he had bought fifty thousand dollars' worth of the Victory Loan I was so tickled that I had to say something. It seemed to me that Molly had brought me here purposely—where she knew I would hear some good news."

Molly did not look at Corwin; but he thought he knew why she had brought her brother to his office.

Roberts knew, also. His face was crimson with embarrassment and guilt. Corwin looked at Molly and wondered if she would tell Ben that he had been recreant—that his patriotism was of a negligible quality—that he measured it by the standard of money. He cringed from the direct look in her eyes when she gazed at him; and the look made him wonder what Ben would say to him if he knew the truth that he was talking to slackers, thinking them patriots who had upheld his arms in the great fight for world freedom. Ben's eyes were sightless, and yet Corwin dreaded to have them turned upon him with the question: Why didn't you buy?

Of the three men, Miller was the more composed. Almost at the last minute he had saved himself from any possibility of accusation—and his face showed his satisfaction. He even glanced at the other two with malicious amusement.

"Some people," went on Ben, unaware of the tension in the room, "don't seem to realize just what this war means. I didn't know, myself, until I landed in France. I used to like to fight; but I always did my fighting by myself—just because I liked to fight. It was different over there. It's a queer feeling that grips a fellow when there's a bunch of other fellows all around him—all dressed alike and all fighting for the same object. There's something about it that gets under a man's skin and fills him with something he can't express."

"A man loses something—it's his individuality, I think. But he gains more than he loses. I've heard fellows call it discipline and training—and stuff like that. But I know it's something else. For a long time it bothered me, and then I finally thought it out. It's country—nothing less; it's pride of race; it's in knowing that you are doing it for the folks at home; that they are back of you—watching you, cheering you on—doing all they can to help you lick the other fellow. It's in knowing that your folks back home are putting their trust in you; that they are expecting you to bring home the bacon—that they know you are going to do it. A fellow just has to fight like blazes when he realizes that."

"How did you—how were you wounded, Mr. King?"

This was Miller; his voice was low and solemn.

Ben flushed and his jaws tightened; and he laughed shortly.

"A fragment of shrapnel. Hit me a glancing blow square between the eyes, paralyzing the nerves. Put me clean out. I spent three months in 'blighty'."

"Where?" Again Miller spoke. "Where did it happen?"

"While we were straightening out the San Mihiel salient. It was pretty hot there—while it lasted."

He paused, but in response to Miller's request that he describe the battle—or rather that part of it in which he was engaged—he went on, laughing lowly:

"I used to think that if I ever got into a battle I would keep my senses about me so that I would be able to describe what I had seen when I got back to God's country. But I've discovered that in battle about all one's senses are definitely and firmly fixed upon self. It all seems to be horribly unreal. You find individuality on the battlefield; you find that you are you; that you are alone, in spite of the fact that men are all around you. You've got to use your own courage; you've got to fight yourself. You can't borrow courage.

"When we went over the top that morning there was a great level stretch of country immediately in front of me. It was a place of ghastly silence, bleak and gray in the faint light that precedes the dawn. We had been ready for several hours, for we had been told at what hour we would attack, and we had slept—those of us who did sleep—with our nerves strained to hear the word.

"Ten minutes before the time set for the advance we were aroused by a whispered word, passed down the trench. The fellows, chilled by the cold night in dugout and trench, took it in various ways.

"I saw men half paralyzed with fear, trying to smile—to show their fellows that they were not afraid. I saw others with horrible pouts on their lips, cursing at trivial things—working themselves into a rage in an effort to keep up their courage. Many of the fellows did not speak a word—I think it was because they couldn't trust their voices. Some of the boys were jerky and touchy, with their nerves so keyed up that they jumped at the slightest sound; others appeared to be stolidly waiting. Those who did not permit their right to become visible. I saw men who gripped their rifles until it seemed their fingers would press through the steel; I saw others holding theirs gingerly, loosely, as though they were some strange object with which they were not yet familiar. And there were some fellows who breathed shrilly, with great gasps, as though they had just finished a long run. And in every man's eyes was a light that no man in this world can describe.

"I couldn't help but see those things, because I looked closely at every man near me. I had to. If there was any excess courage around there I wanted to feel it. For I needed it."

"If it hadn't been for a thought that struck me just before we got the word to go, I believe I couldn't have gone. There were many of us fellows, and of course those who took it most unconcernedly did lot to help the fellow who might have wavered. But that did not seem to be enough. As individuals we doubtless would have

gone over the top—driving ourselves to do it; and as an army we would go over without being driven. Pride would have made us do that—for none of the fellows would have wanted the others to think him a coward.

"But something lacked until I got the thought that we were not alone in the war; that behind us—in reserve—were hundreds of thousands of our men, ready to back us in any play we made. And behind those hundreds of thousands were millions of our countrymen, their eyes all turned toward us, watching us, waiting—ready to applaud us, and equally ready to avenge us. I got the feeling of company—a more satisfying sensation than the sight of the fellows on every hand gave me. And just before we got the word I felt like I used to feel when a band marched down the street at home playing the 'Star Spangled Banner'—with a long column of soldiers in buoyant step behind them. I went clammy all over, and my heart swelled until I thought it would burst. I could see my country, then—and Well, you all know the feeling. When we got the word we went—and the world knows how we went."

"And your wound?" questioned Miller.

"Well, it's a little tough to realize that I will never be able to see again; but when I think that I lost my sight serving those loyal, watching millions of my people, I don't worry about it much."

For five minutes after the departure of Ben and Molly, there was no word spoken in Corwin's office.

The three men heard Ben's halting step on the stairs grow fainter until finally they could hear it no more. And still they sat, each man avoiding the other's eyes—all of them feeling ineffably small and unimportant.

The loyal, watching millions! Ben's words were flaming before Corwin's eyes; they wreathed and leaped in his mental vision with hideous mockery.

Ben, facing death on the field of battle, had been able to think nobly of his country. Corwin, lounging in the lap of luxury in the quiet peace of Falltown, had not yielded to one generous and supporting thought for the khaki-clad boys who had fought for him! Ben, facing death, had felt the spirit of the country; Corwin, safe at home, had derided that spirit—had denied it. He had haggled and argued; had found fault with everything. His hands had not upheld Ben and his fellows; it had not been his face that Ben had seen among those that had been turned toward him on the eve of battle—for he had turned his back toward the boys.

Corwin felt that something was slipping away from him. He felt lonely and deserted—as though something he valued was vanishing from his sight, to be gone forever. He felt as Ben said he had felt just before he and his comrades had gone over the top—that he must have something to give him that feeling of companionship; he felt that he didn't want to be on the outside—he wanted to belong—he wanted to feel that there were millions of people behind him, too—and with him.

And he knew, now, that there was only one way to attain that feeling of companionship—to become a real citizen of the mighty nation that had brought the arrogant Hun to his knees; there was only one way to be thoroughly American—or to become thoroughly American. And that way was to help the nation toward its goal; to bear cheerfully and equally the burdens it placed upon one; to add to its strength all the resources at his command; to somehow get a share of its power and its glory.

Corwin was intensely eager now. He looked at his watch, got up and said shortly to Miller and Roberts.

"Gentlemen," he said, "we'll have to postpone this business until tomorrow—I've got something important to attend to."

Roberts got up also. "Me, too," he said; "we'll go together, Corwin."

"Where?" demanded Corwin.

Roberts laughed lowly. "To see Dillon," he said. "That fellow King has made me feel mighty cheap, I can tell you. I used to have pretty strong ideas about these Liberty Loans, but if a fellow could listen to King talk and refuse to subscribe to help push this thing along he certainly wouldn't be

worth fighting for. I want to be worth it. Come on!" he urged; "we'll be eleventh hour birds, but we've still got time to save our self respect!"

A quarter of an hour later they were facing Dillon in the latter's office.

"Still a hundred thousand shy gentlemen," Dillon announced in reply to Corwin's question.

"I'll take half of it," declared Corwin.

"And I'll take the other half," said Roberts.

"Isn't this rather sudden, gentlemen," grinned Dillon; "you still have six hours, you know."

Both Roberts and Corwin reddened, for the sarcasm of Dillon's remark was glaringly apparent.

But curiously, neither Roberts or Corwin felt any resentment. They looked at each other and smiled, for both had a feeling that they deserved Dillon's sarcasm.

"I surrender!" said Corwin. "I should have done this long before."

"I knew you'd get in under the wire," smiled Dillon.

"How did you know?" asked Corwin.

"Shucks," laughed Dillon. "Quite a number of cases like yours have come under my observation. You didn't believe in the Liberty Loans; you had fault to find with nearly everything the government did. I've felt that way myself: a great many of my friends felt that way—and still feel that way, for that matter. But they subscribe, just the same—and I buy them. The average American likes to kick and raise Cain with the government—he'll wolf and howl about incompetency and graft and all that stuff. But in the end he'll help him."

Late that night Corwin and Molly were standing at the corner of Main and Meridian streets watching the jostling crowd that packed the two streets from curb to curb.

Dillon had lost no time after the visit of Corwin and Roberts, and the issue of the Observer that carried the story of Falltown's greatest achievement, also informed the citizens of the town that the achievement would be cerebrated fittingly.

And Falltown was celebrating.

There had not been much time to arrange decorations, but enterprising merchants had draped the fronts of their stores with flags and bunting; down Main street in front of the City Hall there were festoons of colored lights—and a platform—portable—upon which a band played.

But if there were not so very many decorations there was plenty of noise—with the blare of horns and the clang of bells and the clatter of hurriedly constructed contrivances of many patterns—and the sound of it filled Corwin with a tingling exultation that he had never felt before.

"I almost lost this," he whispered to the girl, during a momentary lull. "What?"

"The crowd, the people—the spirit of it all. Molly," he added in a low voice, "isn't it great to have a country, after after all?"

She looked mischievously at him. "And to have conquered all mean, petty suspicions," she said.

He nodded, flushing.

"And to feel that now the country can pay its debts."

"Yes."

"And that we have finished the job."

"Yes."

He reached out and caught her hand. And just at that instant the band in front of the City Hall began to play the "Star Spangled Banner," and the mighty crowd, thrilling with the most reverent of emotions, became silent as heels clicked together and heads were bared.

"Oh!" said the girl; "it is the greatest country in the world."

"Gentlemen, accept my personal thanks. You have made it possible for me to say that for once, we have won; that I am not a failure and that Falltown is an American city."

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A quarter of an hour later they were facing Dillon in the latter's office.

This time it was Molly King.

She had taken Ben home, leaving him with her father. She was on her way to the office, and when she saw Corwin she held a copy of the Observer in one hand. Her face was radiant.

"Oh," she said, seizing Corwin by an arm and gripping it tight; "that was wonderful! I am so glad!"

Corwin grinned. And then, as he walked toward the office with the girl, his face grew grave.

"Molly," he said as they paused at the foot of the stairs, "I was in danger of losing my country. And you gave it back to me."

"Well," she said, smiling happily, "I didn't want you to lose it."

"You didn't tell Ben about—about me not subscribing?" he questioned.

"Not a word. Ben didn't know. Not even when I took him to the office."

"Molly," said Corwin gravely, "did you take Ben to the office purposely just to influence me to—"

She blushed and looked downward, not meeting his eyes.

"Well," she said, hesitating, "what else could I do. Today is the last day—and Ben came, and I—I thought—knowing you didn't or wouldn't—understand. And so I took him."

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But if there were not so very many decorations there was plenty of noise—with the blare of horns and the clang of bells and the clatter of hurriedly constructed contrivances of many patterns—and the sound of it filled Corwin with a tingling exultation that he had never felt before.

"I almost lost this," he whispered to the girl, during a momentary lull. "What?"

"The crowd, the people—the spirit of it all. Molly," he added in a low voice, "isn't it great to have a country, after after all?"

She looked mischievously at him. "And to have conquered all mean, petty suspicions," she said.

He nodded, flushing.

"And to feel that now the country can pay its debts."

"Yes."

"And that we have finished the job."

"Yes."

He reached out and caught her hand. And just at that instant the band in front of the City Hall began to play the "Star Spangled Banner," and the mighty crowd, thrilling with the most reverent of emotions, became silent as heels clicked together and heads were bared.

"Oh!" said the girl; "it is the greatest country in the world."

"And it's mine!" whispered Corwin, so that the girl could not hear him; "and I shall never risk losing it again!"

The End.



of that great arm of government which expresses itself in force.

And unconsciously, involuntarily, the three men in the room with him paid tribute—the tribute of silence, of attention and respect.

Corwin peered intently at Ben, searching his face for signs, for indications that Ben harbored resentment against his Government for the loss of his sight. He watched closely for the slightest expression which would tell him that Ben regretted his experience. But he saw no such signs. Ben's face, despite the sightless eyes, had undergone a transformation. On the night Corwin had seen him fighting the agitators there had been in the man's face something malignant and savage and passionate. He had been a fighting animal, enraged and yearning to punish the defamers of his country...

This was Miller; his voice was low and solemn.

Ben flushed and his jaws tightened; and he laughed shortly.

"A fragment of shrapnel. Hit me a glancing blow square between the eyes, paralyzing the nerves. Put me clean out. I spent three months in 'blighty'."

"Where?" Again Miller spoke. "Where did it happen?"

"While we were straightening out the San Mihiel salient. It was pretty hot there—while it lasted."

He paused, but in response to Miller's request that he describe the battle—or rather that part of it in which he was engaged—he went on, laughing lowly:

"I used to think that if I ever got into a battle I would keep my senses about me so that I would be able to describe what I had seen when I got back to God's country. But I've discovered that in battle about all one's senses are definitely and firmly fixed upon self. It all seems to be horribly unreal. You find individuality on the battlefield—you find that you are you; that you are alone, in spite of the fact that men are all around you. You've got to use your own courage; you've got to fight yourself. You can't borrow courage."

"When we went over the top that morning there was a great level stretch of country immediately in front of me. It was a place of ghastly silence, bleak and gray in the faint light that precedes the dawn. We had been ready for several hours, for we had been told at what hour we would attack, and we had slept—those of us who did sleep—with our nerves strained to hear the word. Ten minutes before the time set for the advance we were aroused by a whispered word, passed down the trench. The fellows, chilled by the cold night in dugout and trench, took it in various ways.

"I saw men half paralyzed with fear, trying to smile—to show their fellows that they were not afraid. I saw others with horrible pouts on their lips, cursing at trivial things—working themselves into a rage in an effort to keep up their courage. Many of the fellows did not speak a word—I think it was because they couldn't trust their voices. Some of the boys were jerky and touchy, with their nerves so keyed up that they jumped at the slightest sound; others appeared to be stolidly waiting. Those were men who did not permit their fright to become visible. I saw men who gripped their rifles until it seemed their fingers would press through the steel; I saw others holding theirs gingerly, loosely, as though they were some strange object with which they were not yet familiar. And there were some fellows who breathed shrilly, with great gasps, as though they had just finished a long run. And in every man's eyes was a light that no man in this world can describe.

"I couldn't help but see those things, because I looked closely at every man near me. I had to. If there was any excess courage around there I wanted to feel it. For I needed it.

"If it hadn't been for a thought that struck me just before we got the word to go, I believe I couldn't have gone. There were many of us fellows, and of course those who took it most unconcernedly did a lot to help the fellow who might have wavered. But that did not seem to be enough. As individuals we doubtless would have

gone over the top—driving ourselves to do it; and as an army we would go over without being driven. Pride would have made us do that—for none of the fellows would have wanted the others to think him a coward.

"But something lacked until I got the thought that we were not alone in the war; that behind us—in reserve—were hundreds of thousands of our men, ready to back us in any play we made. And behind those hundreds of thousands were millions of our countrymen, their eyes all turned toward us, watching us, waiting—ready to applaud us, and equally ready to avenge us. I got the feeling of company—a more satisfying sensation than the sight of the fellows on every hand gave me. And just before we got the word I felt like I used to feel when a band marched down the street at home playing the 'Star Spangled Banner'—with a long column of soldiers in buoyant step behind them. I went clammy all over, and my heart swelled until I thought it would burst. I could see my country, then—and—Well, you all know the feeling. When we got the word we went—and the world knows how we went."

"And your wound?" questioned Miller.

"I surrendered!" said Corwin. "I should have done this long ago."

"Well, it's a little tough to realize that I will never be able to see again; but when I think that I lost my sight serving those loyal, watching millions of my people, I don't worry about it much."

For five minutes after the departure of Ben and Molly, there was no word spoken in Corwin's office.

The three men heard Ben's halting step on the stairs grow fainter until they could hear it no more. And still they sat, each man avoiding the other's eyes—all of them feeling ineffectually small and unimportant. The loyal, watching millions! Ben's words were flaming before Corwin's eyes; they wreathed and leaped in his mental vision with hideous mockery. Ben, facing death on the field of battle, had been able to think nobly of his country. Corwin, lounging in the lap of luxury in the quiet peace of Falltown, had not yielded to one generous and supporting thought for the khaki-clad boys who had fought for him! Ben, facing death, had felt the spirit of the country; Corwin, safe at home, had derided that spirit—had denied it. He had haggled and argued; had found fault with everything. His hands had not upheld Ben and his fellows; it had not been his face that Ben had seen among those that had been turned toward him on the eve of battle—for he had turned his back toward the boys.

Corwin felt that something was slipping away from him. He felt lonely and deserted—as though something he valued was vanishing from his sight, to be gone forever. He felt as Ben said he had felt just before he and his comrades had gone over the top—that he must have something to give him that feeling of companionship; he felt that he didn't want to be on the outside—he wanted to belong—he wanted to feel that there were millions of people behind him, too—and with him.

And he knew, now, that there was only one way to attain that feeling of companionship—to become a real citizen of the mighty nation that had brought the arrogant Hun to his knees; there was only one way to be thoroughly American—or to become thoroughly American. And that way was to help the nation toward its goal; to bear cheerfully and equally the burdens it placed upon one; to add to its strength all the resources of his command; to somehow get a share of its power and its glory.

Corwin was intensely eager now. He looked at his watch, got up and said shortly to Miller and Roberts.

"Gentlemen," he said, "we'll have to postpone this business until tomorrow—I've got something important to attend to."

Roberts got up also. "Me, too," he said. "Where?" demanded Corwin.

Roberts laughed lowly. "To see Dillon," he said. "That fellow King has made me feel mighty cheap, I can tell you. I used to have pretty strong ideas about these Liberty Loans, but if a fellow could listen to King talk and refuse to subscribe to help push this thing along he certainly wouldn't be

worth fighting for. I want to be worth it. Come on!" he urged; "we'll be 'eleventh hour' birds, but we've still got time to save our self respect!"

A quarter of an hour later they were facing Dillon in the latter's office.

"Still a hundred thousand shy, gentlemen," Dillon announced in reply to Corwin's question.

"I'll take half of it," declared Corwin.

"And I'll take the other half," said Roberts.

"Isn't this rather sudden, gentlemen," grinned Dillon; "you still have six hours, you know."

Both Roberts and Corwin reddened, for the sarcasm of Dillon's remark was glaringly apparent.

But curiously, neither Roberts nor Corwin felt any resentment. They looked at each other and smiled, for both had a feeling that they deserved Dillon's sarcasm.

"I surrender!" said Corwin. "I should have done this long before."

"I knew you'd get in under the wire," smiled Dillon.

"How did you know?" asked Corwin.

"Shucks," laughed Dillon. "Quite a number of cases like yours have come under my observation. You didn't believe in the Liberty Loans; you had fault to find with nearly everything the government did. I've felt that way myself: a great many of my friends felt that way—and still feel that way, for that matter. But they subscribe, just the same—and I buy them. The average American likes to kick and raise Cain with the government—he'll wolf and howl about incompetency and graft and all that stuff. But in the end he'll help the

government. He has to, because he's an American. It's in the blood. He can't help it."

He had been told at what hour we would attack, and we had slept—those of us who did sleep—with our nerves strained to hear the word.

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there—insisting that man was supreme and that country was not to be considered. And once more when Corwin reached the corner of Main and Meridian streets—he saw a vision.

This time it was Molly King.

She had taken Ben home, leaving him with her father. She was on her way to the office, and when she saw Corwin she held a copy of the Observer in one hand. Her face was radiant.

"Oh," she said, seizing Corwin by an arm and gripping it tight; "that was wonderful! I am so glad!"

Corwin grinned. And then, as he walked toward the office with the girl, his face grew grave.

"Molly," he said as they paused at the foot of the stairs, "I was in danger of losing my country. And you gave it back to me."

"Well," she said, smiling happily, "I didn't want you to lose it."

"You didn't tell Ben about—about me not subscribing?" he questioned.

"Not a word. Ben didn't know. Not even when I took him to the office."

"Molly," said Corwin gravely, "did you take Ben to the office purposely—just to influence me to—"

She blushed and looked downward, not meeting his eyes.

"Well," she said, hesitatingly, "what else could I do. Today is the last day—and Ben came, and I—I thought—knowing you didn't—or wouldn't—understand. And so I took him."

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And Then He Saw the Point!

NO, I CAN'T BUY ANY MORE BONDS. I DID AS MUCH AS ANYONE TO SEND THE BOYS OVER.

SO NOW YOU'RE GOIN' TO LET THE GET HOME & WAY THEY C?



(We have had to change all these comics to eliminate any use of the word "bond.")

ANOTHER NEW FEATURE-- VICTORY LOAN COM.

We have prepared two sets of comics, each a more or less of a Liberty Loan argument and, we with more or less a smile in each.

One set of comics is made in six columns, a la illustration daily comic furnished by the various syndicates. This is "The Liber T. Loane Family," of which a is printed here.

This comic will come divided into three columns worth six columns, so its use may be adjusted to the individual makeup situation and printed in either a three-column or six-column form.

These comics are furnished in three sets—24 sub in the series intended for use in dailies, eight in the s and intended for semi-weeklies, and four for weeklies. T \$2.98.

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We are also prepared to furnish, either in mounted stereotypes or mats, six and three-column standing heads for "The Liber T. Loane Family" and two-column headings for "And Then He Saw The Point."

Proof sheets showing all of the subjects in the three series each of "The Liber T. Loane Family" and "And Then He Saw The Point" will be available to all of the newspapers in this district by March 17.

First come will be first served. In other words, the first daily, semi-weekly or weekly in a community that writes, wires or telephones its order for plates or mats of either comic will be given an exclusive franchise, so to speak, for the use of the particular series to which it is entitled of the particular comic it wants and no other publication in that community will be furnished that series.

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This proof sheet is going to be used in the district. It is intended for the man who is willing to j the samples shown here, ving to send your orders n, have

Shipments will be in yds in least by April 7, which is before the opening of the s.

proper, which is expected to be April 21. Both of the comics will be leased for use beginning the w

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